

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }  
Volume XIV. }

No. 1669. — June 3, 1876.

{ From Beginning,  
Vol. CXXIX.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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## APRIL DAYS.

"O Primavera — gioventù dell' anno!  
O Gioventù — primavera della vita!"  
METASTASIO.

It is the spring ! prepare the seeds,  
And tender plants, new bloom to show ;  
Turn the rich earth ; pull up the weeds ;  
And clear each cumbered garden row !

Waste not the wealth of April showers,  
Nor sunshine, which our need befriends ;  
Think ! on these evanescent hours  
The harvest of the year depends.

Already, necklaces of buds  
Adorn the sapling's tender stem ;  
And firs, bedewed with diamond studs,  
Rear up a greener diadem.

Already, gleams of colour break  
Where all was black with thorns before ;  
And gentle waves sweet murmur make,  
Slow rippling to the silent shore !

Nor only dumb, quiescent things  
The spell that broods amongst them own ;  
The beaten air is full of wings,  
Earth thrills with many an insect tone :

God's woodland innocents prepare,  
For gladder days and fresher life ;  
Close sits the timorous brooding hare,  
With wooing birds the boughs are rife.

All nature wakes from wintry sleep,  
Throws off her veil of frosty rime,  
And calls from mead and mountain steep,  
" Now is the time ; *now* is the time,  
Now is the hour of golden prime ! "

Oh, Youth ! sweet spring of human birth,  
Shalt thou not claim our equal care ?  
Shall all the gladness be for earth —  
Nor sentient souls the guerdon share ?

Shall not a goodlier grain be brought,  
Than ripens 'neath the orb of day,  
Shall we not prune the shoots of thought,  
And bind the passions where they stray ?

Shall we not yearn, with ceaseless watch,  
To win God's blessing on our toil,  
Hoping those beams of grace to catch,  
Which warm a far more priceless soil :

A soil whose garden is the heart,  
Where flowers of Paradise may bloom,  
If grafting skill true growth impart  
And leave the worthless weeds no room ?

Yea ! though at times mysterious blight  
Frustrate the joy we thought to earn,  
Still let us hail the Lord of Light  
And look for harvest in return,

With the poor labourer's simple trust,  
Who in the book of nature reads  
How glory climbs from mouldering dust,  
And plently from the smallest seeds.

And so, through pliant April days,  
Of childhood weak and immature —  
Train, towards the light, the tender sprays,  
And make their heavenward growth secure.

Nor, in the barren after years,  
Live to lament the vernal hours,  
Which might have kept our eyes from tears  
And crowned our path of life with flowers ;

While, haunted by the past, we mark  
An echo, like a funeral chime,  
Toll through the ever-deepening dark, —  
" Then was the time ; *then* was the time,  
THEN was the hour of golden prime ! "  
Macmillan's Magazine. CAROLINE NORTON.

## THE GRAFIN VON ROSENAU.

THERE is a lady crown'd so high,  
She hath equal none beneath the sky ;  
When in the world there is war's wild stir,  
Millions of hearts beat strong for her.  
No diadem bediamonded  
On haughty autocrat's heavy head  
Rivals the circlet on her brow, —  
She is the Gräfin von Rosenau.

Heiress she, from her queenly hour,  
Of a loyal love that is greater than power —  
Of a knightly worship, known of old  
When a lady grasps the sceptre of gold —  
Of an ancient, glorious name, so great  
That to change it were to anger fate ;  
Loftiest throne in the world, I trow,  
That of Gräfin of Rosenau.

Heiress of high Elizabeth,  
Her people ask, with eager breath,  
Wherefore fly from the fair home scene,  
While a pliant premier disposes his queen,  
And with ancient history dares to play tricks,  
Ruling us all with his *Imperatrix* ?  
Thus all men ask, who loyalty vow  
To the Gräfin von Rosenau.

Will it be well, when another shall reign  
Over England's empire, land and main,  
For the future lord of the realm to say,  
" Throw this despot name away !  
An emperor is a trivial thing ;  
English and Indians, I am your king " ?  
Better to check the madness now, —  
Think of it, Gräfin von Rosenau.  
Spectator.

From The Edinburgh Review.  
RECENT SCOTCH NOVELS.\*

THE practical character of our busy modern life has done some injustice to the Scottish nation. Not altogether without reason, people have come to regard us in those practical aspects which are least engaging. The typical Scotchman is the keen and pushing man of business who looks closely to the main chance, seldom misses a profitable occasion, and takes religious care that in his dealings with his neighbour he shall never fail in his duty to himself. Whatever sterling qualities he may possess, there is supposed to be the minimum of poetry in his composition. The Scots have now more than their share of wealth and honours all over the British possessions, and the virtues by which they command success have made them less liked than respected. Their peculiarities of speech and manner lend themselves easily to ridicule. Their constitutional reserve and caution tend to repel easy intimacy; and superficial observers have been slow to appreciate the amiable qualities that lie hidden under a commonplace or chilling exterior. We need hardly wonder, then, that they have seemed to offer unpromising material to the hurried authors of ephemeral novels. These ladies and gentlemen write for their readers; they dash down the vague impressions that glance from the surface of unreflecting minds; their indolence saves them from attempting the discriminating analysis which could only result in lamenta-

ble failure, and they dwell either on the trivial or the coarsely emotional life that recommends itself most to the vulgar fancy. It neither suits their "genius," nor is it in their capacity, to remember that it is the stillest water that runs the deepest.

On the other hand, the writing a good Scotch novel demands a technical mastery of difficult and delicate subjects. The more distinctive effects, the most telling points, are to be sought in those humble interiors to which strangers seldom make their way, and which are less familiar than they ought to be even to cultivated Scotchmen of the upper classes. The language and its idioms are serious stumbling-blocks to begin with. In the more primitive districts the peasants speak as their "forbears" did before them, and their most ordinary words may convey an infinity of shades of meaning which the most elaborate paraphrase could scarcely interpret to the uninitiated. After all, popularity is the ambition of a novelist. He desires to write for the world in general, and to make his work intelligible to all. If he overload his pages with local dialect which sounds sometimes barbarous and sometimes vulgar, his book is likely to be dropped with distaste. We are scarcely surprised, then, that the list of good Scotch novels is a short one; but the fact that it is so leaves an inviting field in these hackneyed times to writers who chance to have the special knowledge and are conscious of the needful gifts.

In reality the genius and disposition of the Scottish people has always tended instinctively to the romantic. It is not only that in the turbulent ferocity of their earlier history they were in the habit, like their neighbours, of translating romance into adventurous action. Rapine and bloodshed are the invariable distractions of unsettled and semi-barbarous societies. But the national poetry of the Scotch, the songs and ballads that pleased their untutored fancy and enlivened their rude feasts, had a romantic character all its own. For all its martial ring, it was no mere celebration of deeds of daring or carnage, of battle and fireraising and bloody deaths. It did not glorify success-

\* 1. *Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*. Written by herself. 1850.

2. *Merikland: a Story of Scottish Life*. By the author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland." 1851.

3. *Harry Muir: a Story of Scottish Life*. 1853.

4. *Katie Stewart*. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1852.

5. *The Minister's Wife*. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1869.

6. *The Story of Valentine: and his Brother*. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. 1875.

7. *David Elginbrod*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 1863.

8. *Alec Forbes of Howglen*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 1868.

9. *Robert Falconer*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 1868.

10. *Malcolm*. By GEORGE MAC DONALD. 1875.

11. *A Daughter of Heth*. By WILLIAM BLACK. 1871.

12. *A Princess of Thule*. By WILLIAM BLACK. 1873.

ful guile like the Scandinavian scalds and sagas, or exalt the joys of ceaseless slaughter and debauch as the only heaven for a man of action. The most primitive Scotch minstrelsy was characterized as much by a gentle grace and touches of tender pathos as by fire and spirit. Through it all there ran a deep vein of the imaginative, which sometimes, in such wild legends as "Tamlane," became as fantastic as any Teutonic *märchen*. Even in warlike lays like the fight of Otterburn, where the death-struggle of the Douglas and Percy appealed to inveterate national animosities, the minstrel played on the heartstrings of his audience like the immortal Timotheus in "Alexander's Feast." He turned from the shivering of lances and the shouts of victory to the softer and nobler emotions. And love was as favourite a theme as battle; witness the plaintive blending of sorrow, passion, and malignant revenge in fair "Helen of Kirkconnel." What can be more delicately insinuated than the forgiving bye-struggle of the poisoned and heart-stricken lover in "Lord Randal"? What more tellingly impressive than the sharp touches of nature, the terse and vigorous descriptions of storm-scenery and shipwreck, in the "grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens"? And instances of the sort might be multiplied indefinitely.

Nor as time went on and Scotland became more peaceful, did the Scottish gentleman undergo much change, although he had to shape his course somewhat differently. He was poor as his country was barren, but his spirit was too high to resign itself to his circumstances, and settle him down into a tame existence, getting his living somehow from hand to mouth. The laird might live on his lands among his people, exercising a rough paternal authority over the tenantry who were bound to him by filial as by feudal ties. Their needy circumstances spurred the ambition of well-born cadets whose ancestors had always followed the profession of arms, and sent them to foreign lands to seek an outlet for their energies. Read the deeds of the Scotch auxiliaries in the pages of Froissart, or the records of the French kings' Archer Guard, their surest safe-

guard against domestic treason. Scotch seamen of the middle classes went trading and privateering when European commerce was still in its infancy; and chivalrous old captains like Sir Patrick Spens had worthy successors in the Andrew Bartons. The same spirit of adventure has survived to modern times, spreading itself downward through the nation, although it has been regulated by shrewd sense and has been circumscribed by the modern ways of money-getting. Yet there was romance enough in all conscience, for example, in the lives of the *employés* of the North-American fur-companies, who were recruited from the Highlands almost to a man, and who earned their pay and pensions in perpetual warfare with the savages, with the elements, and with one another. And to come more decidedly within the pale of civilization, in our Indian dependencies, in the colonies, and even in foreign countries, we find Scotch adventurers holding a disproportionate share of offices of trust, profit, and difficulty, simply because they have the reflection, resolution, and courage which sends the fittest men by natural selection to their fitting places in positions of emergency. We seem to have been betrayed into a panegyric when we merely meant to indicate an argument. But we have reached the conclusions we desired to draw — that the race, whether abroad or at home, is much the same as it has always been; consequently that the elements of romance and dramatic surprise are to be found in abundance even among those "canny" folk who have seldom strayed beyond their parish bounds, although these may lie hidden under an impassive demeanour which repels the scrutiny of an un instructed observer.

Perhaps for all purposes of argument, it would have come much to the same things, had we gone straight to the Waverley Novels, which must remain, so long as there is a national history, the alpha and omega of Scottish fiction. Sir Walter is at once the encouragement and despair of those who have followed or are to follow in his footsteps. He showed all that may be made of the character of his country-people, and handled it with a versatility of knowledge and flexibility of touch that at



once invite and defy imitation. He had in him all that was needful to do them the most complete poetical justice — a poet's nature and sympathies, intuitive powers of perception, intense but enlightened patriotism, a sense of humour as good-naturedly alive to their failings as it keenly appreciated their native wit, and an artistic discrimination which rejected what was coarse, while it could throw a halo of romance over the homely. An aristocrat by nature and a high Tory in politics, he never enjoyed life more heartily than when mixing with the rough farmers of the dales. He had the key to the hearts of humble retainers like the Purdies, and drawing instinctively to sympathetic and sterling worth, he stepped lightly over social barriers without breaking them down. The secret of the sparkling realism of his pictures was his lifelong familiarity with the people he dashed on to his canvas. He produced what rose naturally before him, scarcely drawing on memory, far less on fancy. An enthusiastic boy absorbed in the perusal of old romances, he had been sent for the benefit of his failing health to the seclusion of a border farmhouse. He had basked out on the hillsides in the summer day, among sturdy shepherds familiar with lays and legends of the Tweed and its tributaries; and in the cool evenings had drawn in his stool among the good people who gathered round the "ingle nook" for the nightly gossip. As a lawyer's apprentice going on business errands beyond the Highland line, his observation was straying in fields more congenial than jurisprudence, and his imagination was unconsciously assimilating all he heard and all he saw. Afterwards when the sheriff, as he told Lockhart, "had many a grand gallop along these braes when thinking of Marmion," he would often draw rein to find a welcome among the hospitable Dandie Dinmonts of "The Forest." He goes a cruise with the commissioners of northern lights along the eastern coast and in the northern islands, and it is not only in "The Pirate," the immediate fruit of the expedition, that you may trace his course by the information he gathered. Thenceforth he shows a wonderful familiarity with the seafaring population he had

merely got glimpses of, and his marine pieces are painted with the hand of a master.

Like all great artists, he closely followed nature, and availed himself to the utmost of the wide range of his personal observations. But the winning man of the world and indefatigable student of manners was a poet before everything; his genius refused to be fettered, and notwithstanding his fidelity to nature, which was the spell with which the wizard worked his marvels, he occasionally departed from inartistic realities and took bold liberties for the sake of his art. It was not that he did it of deliberate purpose. The man who threw off page after page of his great fictions with the swift regularity of an office drudge, probably seldom paused to reflect, never hesitated as to how he should express himself. He wrote from inspiration; his matter naturally arranged and expressed itself in the most telling forms; and such is the glamour he throws over his works that criticism is charmed into silence, or forgets to carp at details. Poetic expression is the very soul of Scottish fiction; for like all earnest and strongly self-contained peoples, the feelings of the Scotch, when they do break out, are apt to seek vent in poetic language, and there is an eloquent dignity in their rudest lamentations. It is the same with the inhabitants of the Basse Bretagne for example — a race who have much in common with the Scotch — and whose heaths and woodlands have a ballad literature as rich and passionate as that of the Scottish border. To our mind the prose Scott places in the mouths and cottage scenes of the humblest of the Scotch is more exquisite poetry than anything in "The Lady of the Lake," or "Marmion."

Others, of course, struck into the rich vein Scott had been working, and the conspicuous absence of effort in his writings possibly made imitation seem comparatively easy. Nothing gives more decided proof of his power than the comparative failure of very capable contemporaries. Both Lockhart and Wilson were men of real genius, and the latter especially could boast many of the qualifications by which Sir Walter attained success. Wilson

knew his country-people well, and had an intense sympathy with the humbler classes; he had the eye of an artist and the soul of a poet. Perhaps the redundant poetry of his temperament proved a snare to him. It is certain his works, abounding as they do in beautiful descriptions, and over-abounding in elaborate pathos, showed little of the nervous and manly tone of Christopher North the trenchant essayist. Neither in his "Margaret Lyndsay" nor his "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," nor yet in the "Adam Blair" of Lockhart, is there the well-balanced handling and lifelike versatility of their great prototype. Wilson over-refined in overwrought sentiment—Lockhart introduced a dramatic and theatrical element, almost anticipating in scenes in the Highland glens something of the hazardous social sensationalism of the French romances of later generations.

Galt struck into another line altogether, and succeeded all the better that he always went on the maxim, *ne sutor ultra crepidam*. A shrewd, clear, self-made Scot of the middle ranks, he described with inimitable accuracy the manners, feelings, and motives of action of the class of which he came. His provincials have but a dim idea of the world that lay beyond their parochial horizons, but their sight is keen enough within the range of their everyday vision. Although sufficiently neighbourly, and the reader to do a good-natured action that it cost them little but words or time, perhaps their most conspicuous quality is reputable selfishness. The author's peculiar humour delights in following them into the most trivial details of their daily life, and in analyzing those petty motives of conduct that we are all conscious of, though we take pains to conceal them. His ministers are godly and kindly men, but we see them in their manse, troubled by their parochial cares, divested of the dignity of their sacred office, though seldom insensible to its high responsibilities. The most trifling local incidents are the same to them as the public events that may sway the fortunes of kingdoms—a subscription to a parish charity is more welcome than the news of a decisive national victory; and even when they are ministering to the sick and suffering in spiritual sympathy, the associations that cling to them are of the earth, earthy. His laymen are of similar stamp. His provosts and bailies are really "bits o' bodies"—very decent in their way, but eaten up by a sense of their personal consequence, and extraordinarily adroit in

shaping a self-seeking course in accordance with their lax interpretation of the moral law. They are as likely to be elected to the kirk session as to the town council; but you feel that nature never could have meant them for higher spheres than the council-chambers of their own burghs. Galt, in short, gives an unjust impression of his country-people, while keeping very strictly to the truth. You are compelled to admit the striking likenesses in a portraiture which brings foibles and meannesses into the light, while it leaves more engaging qualities in impenetrable shadow. But you are led into generalizing as to the character of the nation from the delineation of a class which morally and æsthetically is decidedly one of its least favourable specimens. We have called attention to these points because some of our contemporary writers are inclined to imitate him in these respects. You have only to compare Galt's characters with Scott's, the ministers of the one with those of the other—and Scott had no partiality for the Presbyterian Church—or Baillie Nicol Jarvie with "the provost," and you may judge of the artistic merits of their respective methods of treatment by the very different impressions they leave behind. The writer of genius studies the use of shadow as well as of light. He knows where to eliminate and where to idealize.

We may pass at once from Galt to the writers of our own time, for we find nothing characteristic enough to arrest us between; and among three of the most distinguished of these whom we single out for review, giving place to the ladies, we begin with Mrs. Oliphant. Mrs. Oliphant, moreover, has been writing for many years—her "Margaret Maitland," if we are not mistaken, made its appearance more than a quarter of a century ago. Since then she has laboured indefatigably, and of late has laid her scenes, for the most part, out of her native country. She has acquired great literary experience, has cultivated her style, ripened her judgment, and greatly extended her knowledge of the world, while losing little of her early freshness. But perhaps she has never written anything more simply enjoyable than her maiden novel, though "The Minister's Wife"—which we shall notice by-and-by—is as admirable in its way, and far more finished. Mrs. Oliphant, we may say at once, is in no way amenable to the imputations we have brought against Galt. She turns for choice to the more graceful sides of hu-

man nature, and never overlooks anything that is picturesque in the homeliest of the scenes she embodies in her pages. It is evident that she has gone to nature for her men and women: in her female creations, in particular, we cannot doubt that she has freely drawn inspiration from an examination of her personal idiosyncrasy. But though she must have borrowed largely from her own experience, we can never trace any decided self-portraiture. From the first she has shown herself both original and enterprising in her search after studies, and the play of her imagination introduces marked variations even in types she is somewhat fond of repeating. In examining into an individual, writers like Galt never care to penetrate far beneath the surface, though they reflect to us very clearly all they have seen, so far as they have gone. Mrs. Oliphant invariably dives far deeper, giving us glimpses besides at those mysterious tides and currents which insensibly influence the course of human existences.

We said that all the most successful Scotch novels have been written from personal knowledge and close observation, and "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" is an instance in point. We know nothing of Mrs. Oliphant's early life, but we suspect that much of it must have been passed in the retirement of a rural parish. So her first story suggested itself naturally to one who had a natural impulse to writing. There is a truthful and old-world simplicity about it which perhaps can only be fairly appreciated by residents in Scotland who have passed middle age. Pasturelands, although within hearing of the distant murmur of "the great city" of Glasgow, was yet entirely secluded. There were no railways then with branch lines, developing traffic, stimulating enterprise, bringing in patent manures and machinery, and exciting the country-folk with unfamiliar ambitions. Where they were born the parishioners were contented to die, and even the lairds lived among their own people. There was a "great house" in the parish, inhabited by "the earl"; but to the parish in general, and indeed to the author in particular, it is altogether an unfamiliar region. The peer, his family, and his guests are drawn so fancifully as to throw their quieter neighbours out into more effective relief. Although they lived in Pasturelands, they were not of it — "a pleasant country place, where there was neither stir nor bustle, but a quiet kirk to preach in, and a godly congregation to minister to." Pasturelands is by no means

exempt from sin and scandal, even as it is idylized in Mrs. Oliphant's pages. The heritor of most consequence, next to the earl, seems at one time likely to bring reproach on his honourable family. Subsequently when he goes in impulsively for rash parochial reforms, he unintentionally fosters a deal of violence and rascality. But the general tone is "douce" and pious: public opinion establishes a strong but benevolent rule of morality; and the clergyman exercises a friendly authority on a flock who hang on his pulpit utterances, and listen respectfully to his affectionate rebukes. The predominating religious feeling is not opposed to innocent merrymaking; on the contrary, the spirits of the young generation are the more buoyant that they have been unembittered by dissipation and consequent remorse.

The subdued tone is preserved throughout. The local colouring is clear but soft. The simplicity of style is so carefully sustained that it is difficult to do the book justice by quoting from it. There is no striving after effects, although quiet effects are perpetually being produced; but they arise out of the intrinsic charm of the narrative, and almost steal upon you unawares. The scenery of Pasturelands is illustrative of the manner of the book. We have no glowing descriptions for the best of reasons, that there was nothing grand or romantic to describe. We gather that it was one of those lowland parishes whose general features have nothing distinctive about them. No doubt much of it was moorland; there was a dearth of ornamental timber; the farmers made the most of the land under tillage, and would remorselessly have grubbed up hedgerows had there been any. We are told of the stinginess of the heritors, and we take it for granted that the church was a bald edifice on a bleak hill; the village had been built strictly with an eye to the utilitarian; and even the manse, although it must have been sheltered from the bitter blasts by embosoming trees, for there were no such flowers anywhere else in the countryside, must have been unattractive as usual, if it were not muffled up in creepers. Yet out of these unpromising materials Mrs. Oliphant brings such bright impressions and sweet associations, as many a clever artist might fail to produce, with the range of the most luxuriant of southern landscapes. It is all done apparently by insinuation or incidentally. Here we have a glint of sunshine between showers falling among the sheep that are feeding on the hillside. There a waft of the fragrance of

the sweetbriar in the manse garden, or a regretful allusion of the country pastor to the bonny flowers and the old-fashioned flower-beds he has been driven to abandon for conscience' sake.

Mrs. Margaret herself is just the old lady you would look to find among such surroundings. She is a very favourite type of Mrs. Oliphant's, though we may safely say she has never been improved upon in any subsequent story. She is strong-minded as well as simple-minded. Brought up in contentment from her cradle, and always cheerful, she has been at once chastened and elevated by the memory of an early disappointment. That sorrow of hers has given her a wonderful capacity for entering into those feelings of the young and the hopeful which has scarcely yet died away in herself. She has the gentle but formal manners of a lady of the old school, who owes little to education, or at least to book-learning. She is come of an old Covenanting family, who for generations have furnished clergymen to the Church, and have established a sort of hereditary claim to the cosy living of Pasturelands. Her introductory mention of her father and his flock gives an admirable idea of the style of the book.

My father was minister of the parish of Pasturelands; a pleasant country place where there was neither stir nor bustle, but a quiet kirk to preach in and a godly congregation to minister to. My father was a man of by-ordinary mildness, and just in an uncommon manner fitted for his charge. His session also were douce, grave, elderly men, who had a perception when to draw the rein tight and when to let it slacken; and of the folk themselves, I have often heard the minister my father say, that among them there were fewer of the dross and more of the salt of the earth than is to be found often in this weary and wicked generation. They were mostly farmers and farm-servants, with a sprinkling of country tradesmen, and here and there a laird and a laird's family, with lady-daughters brought up in Edinburgh, and bringing their fine garments to put foolish notions of pride and gentility into many a young head, no excepting my own; for I was just like my neighbours and thought much of the shining vanity of apparel, the purple and fine linen of the world.

"Aunt Margaret," however, as she is affectionately called by the young people, is not Mrs. Oliphant's heroine; but Grace Maitland, who is brought up from childhood in Mrs. Margaret's charge, is nearly as original in her way. The precocious, but engaging child grows into a fascinating woman, whose gentle nature has strength enough to determine her own future in

spite of the evil influences of her nearest relations. We fancy we can hear Mrs. Maitland telling the story of her introduction to her little charge:—

The bit little, thin, genty-looking bairn, with a face no to be forgotten, though I could not say it was bonnie. There was no colour in her cheeks, and she had dark hair; but the eyes! I never saw the like of them. The little face was like a shady corner when they were cast down, and when she lifted them it was like the rising of the stars in the sky; no that they were sharp, but like a deep stream flowing dark and full. Truly my spirit was stirred within me there, standing at the gate of Sunnyside, with the bairn's hand in mine and her eyes shining into me, as if she was reading my very heart; the bit little thing, with the spirit within her that would never die; and I resolved within myself from that day that the bairn the Lord had sent to my lone and quiet house should be to me as my own blood and kin.

If she could not say that the little Grace was bonnie, she had no difficulty about affirming it later of Miss Maitland the grown-up heiress. Grace and her bosom friend Mary Maitland, niece of Mrs. Margaret, and daughter of the manse, were both blessed with great good looks and pursued by the addresses of ardent admirers. The unselfish old spinster renews her griefs and sighs in silence as she finds herself again in an atmosphere of love-making, and is made the confidante of attachments that threaten to be unfortunate. There is nothing in any of Mrs. Oliphant's works prettier than some of these love scenes and love confidences, slight as they often are; and through the whole of them she never loses once sight of her leading purpose and her central character. The influences that radiate from the beauties of Mrs. Maitland's single-minded nature pervade the whole story; even when she is not present in the flesh, she is the good genius of both the girls who are brought up near her, and even the wild and high-spirited young man, who turns afterwards into a devoted husband and valuable member of society, has her to thank, in great measure, for being converted to marriage from the folly of his ways. Thus "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" is not only a charming picture of a peaceful and beneficent life, but almost perfect art, so far as it goes, in its compact and simple construction. Nor while full of earnestness and pathos, is it at all wanting in humour. But the humour is more diffuse than epigrammatic, and we are sorry we have no room for the tender interview,



when the elderly schoolmaster makes Mrs. Maitland an offer of his heart and hand, on the occasion of his receiving the presentation to the kirk of Pasturelands, in place of the lady's brother, who had resigned on occasion of the disruption.

"Merkland," though more ambitious, more nearly resembles the ordinary novel, and may be dismissed much more briefly. Strathroan, where the scenes are laid, is a picturesque counterpart of Pasturelands; the subject is far more sensational than the "Passages from the life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside," a precise old-fashioned title, which admirably expresses the manner and method of the contents. Merkland lies in a mountain district among wild hills and lochs, the *dramatis personæ* are the members of old Highland landed families, and the interest mainly turns on a mysterious murder that casts its shadow over the lives of many of them. Mrs. Catherine Douglas stands for Mrs. Margaret Maitland; the beneficent female genius, unattached, always ready to give any one a helping hand. But, except in their kindness and generosity of nature, there is little in common between the haughty, wealthy, dictatorial *châtelaine* of the Tower, and the retiring unassuming mistress of Sunnyside. Mrs. Margaret is nature itself; Mrs. Catherine, with her grand airs and high-flown language, is nature of the kind one is apt to associate with fiction, if not with the stage. Yet the plot is laid with skill, and worked out with patient ingenuity. Some of the episodes are highly dramatic, and the Highland gentlemen and the ladies of their families play their parts with great *vraisemblance*, although they strike us as decidedly more shadowy than those inhabitants of Pasturelands we came to know so intimately. In "Merkland" too, as in "Mrs. Margaret Maitland," Mrs. Oliphant shows herself very much abroad in those circles of society that lie beyond these Scottish parishes. The southern lord who establishes himself in the hereditary halls of the Sutherlands, is a person as improbable as he is decidedly unpleasant; the lad he is leading astray, the Honourable Giles Sympelton, is in Dickens' feeble style of caricature, and the hanger-on Lord Gullravage employs as his envoy is a simple monstrosity. But there are stirring scenes rising out of the high-handed proceedings of these eccentric aliens; and with her foot set down on her native heath, describing the ejection of the hapless MacAlpines from their cot-

tages, Mrs. Oliphant regains all her natural vigour.

We greatly prefer "Harry Muir" to "Merkland." It brings out most effectively the poetical side of a hard-working and poverty-stricken life in a great manufacturing city. It is a touching romance of the domestic affections, pushing out their delicate shoots and tendrils in a blighting and uncongenial atmosphere. It shows Mrs. Oliphant's habit of making the best of everything and everybody; of treating human weaknesses with something of angelic consideration; and it move's one feelings with a melancholy story, without leaving the sting of painful impressions. Harry Muir is the idol of the little group of women who surround him; they suffer in silence from the faults they conspire to throw a veil over, as they watch him with painfully unselfish anxiety while he runs a course of thoughtless and selfish folly; and when he comes at last to his untimely end, he ends so that he is only mourned for as one mourns a heavy family bereavement. The moral of the book is practical and admirable. It does not make light of sin; it dwells on the bitterness inseparable from the fleeting pleasures of dissipation; it demonstrates their baleful effects on a captivating and joyous nature that has never been in the habit of controlling its impulses; but at the same time it shows the power of patient and gentle family influences in saving the offender from the depths of degradation, and shielding him from the worst consequences of his faults. Harry Muir's careless good-nature brings out the shining qualities of his self-sacrificing wife and sisters, and you cannot help liking the man they are so devoted to. The family belongs to a class that, as we are happy to know, has never been very rare in Scotland. They live in penury; they toil with their hands for their daily bread; neither from their upbringing nor their education can they well be ranked among gentlefolks; yet when an unlooked-for inheritance raises them to affluence, and throws them into good county society, they take their places with perfect propriety and composure in their new set of acquaintances.

They themselves were of an order peculiar to no class, but scattered through all; without any education worth speaking of, except the two plain, indispensable faculties of reading and writing. Harry Muir and his sister, knowing nothing of the world, had unconsciously reached at and attained the higher

society which the world of books and imagination opens to delicate minds. They were not aware that their own taste was unusually refined, or their own intellect more cultivated than their fellows, but they were at once sensible of Cuthbert's superiority, and hailed it with eager regard—not without a little involuntary pride either, to find that this, almost the most highly cultivated person they had ever met, was, after all, only equal to themselves.

Martha, the eldest, and the finest if not the most taking of the characters, is especially Scotch. She had been schooled into outward sternness by a life of self-denial and privations, and from early childhood had been a thoughtful woman. But the wearing cares that engrossed her time and thought had only intensified her fondness for the family that Providence had entrusted to her charge.

To raise them—the children—to that indefinite rank and honour which exists in the fancy of the young who are poor—to win for them exemption from those carking cares amid which her own youth, a strong plant, had grown green and flourished. Such hopes were strong in the heart of the passionate girl when people thought her only a child; and when dark necessities came,—when following many little pilgrims, the father and mother went away, leaving her the head of the sadly diminished family, her strong desire, intensified by great grief, possessed her like a fiery tormenting spirit.

In that blending of hopeful dreams for the future of her charges, with the unremitting and unromantic drudgery to which she uncomplainingly condemned herself for their sakes, she is the representative of many a humble Scotchwoman who outwardly seems commonplace and unprepossessing enough. That university education, invariably described in George Mac Donald's pages, which is to prepare the humble student for possible destinies which otherwise he could never have pretended to, is the fruit of such self-denying aspirations and such sublime self-sacrifice. But we have said enough to indicate the especial merits of "Harry Muir," and must hurry on, without calling attention to its lighter beauties, or indulging in other extracts we had marked for quotation. Yet before leaving it we must single out, for notice, as in sober keeping with the cheerful contentment of the hard-working family living among noisy neighbours in a dismal suburb, that picture of "nature, which is beautiful in every place," with which the Muirs refreshed themselves when they could spare themselves the time:—

The distant traffic of the "port," to which the canal is the sea, the flutter of dingy ship-sails, and a far-off prospect of the bare cordage and brief masts of little Dutch vessels delivering their miscellaneous cargoes there, gave a softened home-look, almost like the quiet harbour of some little seaport, to a scene which close at hand could boast of few advantages. But the air was light with the haze of sunset, and in the east the sky had paled down to the exceeding calmness of the eventide, lying silently around its lengthened strips of island-cloud like an enchanted sea. Dull and blank was the long level line of water at their feet, yet it was water still, and flowed, or seemed to flow. . . . These were homely sights, but the charmed atmosphere gave a harmony to them all.

"Katie Stewart" was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* nearly a quarter of a century ago. It may be more properly styled an historical *novelle*—compact and light, abounding in action, and overflowing with feeling and passion. It takes us back to the generation that was excited in "the '45" by the chivalrous exploits of the young Pretender. The scenes are shifted between the family mansion of the noble Erskines, Earls of Kelly, and the dwellings of their humbler neighbours and dependents. Katie Stewart, the daughter of the miller, is almost the adopted sister of the Ladies Erskine. Bewitching in mind as in person, made half-indifferent from habit to the love and admiration that are lavished on her, she has had the gift of winning all hearts from her childhood. In the natural pride of her fascinations she takes very kindly to her new position, and had there been less of warm impulsiveness and earnestness in her heart, her happiness might have been wrecked in her ambition, and she might have been betrayed into an unfortunate *mariage de convenance*. But a genuine love lays hold of her in time, and she discovers somewhat regretfully that her heart has been ravished away by a handsome young seaman in her own original station. The perils and misfortunes of her lover keep her true to him through a suspense that might well have shaken an ordinary constancy, and we have a delightfully piquant tale of alternating hopes and fears, that end in a prospect of unclouded happiness.

"The Minister's Wife" takes a more ambitious range. In place of a quiet narrative of everyday feelings and incidents centring very much in a single family, we have the throbbing sensation of one of those great waves of religious agitation which from time to time will stir to its depths the fervid earnestness of the



Scottish people. The Spirit is abroad in a Highland parish; single-minded fanaticism believes itself charged with inspired messages to a sinful generation; the ignorant in their terror hang eagerly on the lips of the self-commissioned apostles, and the moderate and cool-headed people who resist the contagion are confounded and denounced with the scoffers and the indifferent. In the revival at Loch Diarmid we see the germs of the great religious schism that severed the Kirk; and as they are forced in the warmth of an unnatural atmosphere, it seems as if you were examining their growth through the lenses of a microscope. No one could have attempted to describe that course of thought and feeling who had not an intimate acquaintance with the habits of mind of an unemonstrative people, and who had not been herself subjected in her youth to the influences of Presbyterian teachings. Nor is the actual life of the minister's wife as uneventful as the title would imply. A young and lighthearted girl, she is scarcely caught up in the vortex of the devouring spiritual agitation around her. Yet she becomes the innocent instrument of deciding the fate of others, and her spirits are sobered prematurely by the scenes passing around her. Her mind, besides, is tempest-tossed from the first by personal doubts, fears, and troubles. She forms in her innocence an unfortunate attachment; friends and circumstances save her when her happiness has almost made shipwreck; and she glides into contented tranquillity at the manse with the minister, only to be cast out again by a mysterious crime into a more stormy sea than before. Under the chastening of misfortune she is strengthened and purified. Struck down by her sudden and bitter reverses, she emerges from her trials sadder and better; and although the course of her education seems natural enough as you follow it, yet you can barely recognize the gay Isabel of the opening chapter in the sorrow-stricken mother who only struggles against despair from her sense of religion and her devotion to her only child. The turmoil of her conflicting feelings is highly dramatic, when she discovers that that first love of hers to whom she has bound herself in second nuptials was the murderer of the fond and generous husband who had taken her to his bosom, to cherish in the manse.

In the prelude to our article we remarked on the unsuspected veins of feeling and passion in those quiet Scotch people who spend their uneventful lives

in their native parishes. We appeal to "The Minister's Wife" in illustration of our remarks. Intense local excitement had made the parishioners of Loch Diarmid forget their self-consciousness and cast off their reserve. In a succession of thrilling scenes we have them brought out in dramatic lights, which we feel notwithstanding to be perfectly natural. Among all those who are troubled about their spiritual state, one mind at least remains blessedly tranquil. Margaret, the elder sister of Isabel, lying in the last stage of a decline, is joyfully expectant of the end that is approaching. The whole parish recognizes her for a saint, and because her hold on heaven is so evidently assured, it comes into the heart of Ailie Macfarlane, the inspired prophetess, to bid the invalid arise and walk, that she may take her share in the work of revival. The one thing needful is faith on the part of the sufferer. Ailie burst into the chamber of the dying girl, followed by a troop of devotees and curious inquirers, all eager to be present at the working of the miracle. With Ailie there comes a certain Mr. John Diarmid, a converted profligate who is now amongst the prophets, and who had once made dishonourable advances to Margaret. On the other side of the sick-bed are grouped the relatives, with the worthy minister of the parish. Though they would gladly keep her last days undisturbed, they are overmastered by the earnestness and impetuous faith of the intruders. The contrast of the peace breathing from the death-bed, with the tender earthly anxieties, on the one side, and the fanatical turmoil on the other, are painfully impressive. Ailie makes her appeal with the authority of one with a mission, but the convictions she counted on to work the miracle are paralyzed by Margaret's assured and enlightened resignation. A chilling doubt will creep to her heart that her fancied power and message may be a delusion; and half with the idea of reassuring herself, she breaks out in a final passionate appeal:—

"You're not to think your prayers refused," said the sick girl. "I'm near to the gate, and I can hear the message sent. It says, 'Ay, she shall be saved; ay, she shall rise up; not in earth but in heaven.'"

"No," said Ailie passionately, "it's no a true spirit of prophecy; it's an evil spirit come to tempt you. No! oh ye of little faith, wherefore do you doubt? Is the Lord to be vexed forever with the generation that will not believe? Listen to His voice. Arise, arise, shake off the bonds of Satan. Rise up and

stand upon your feet. Margaret, let not God's servants plead in vain. Oh, hearken while I plead with you, harder, far harder than I have to plead with God. Why will ye die, oh house of Israel? Rise up and live: I command you in the name of the Lord!"

Even the calmer onlookers are half carried away by Ailie's fervour, and for the moment would scarcely be surprised if the wild appeals proved effectual.

"Oh, if ye would but try! Oh my Maggie, will ye try?" sobbed Isabel, clasping her sister closer and gazing with supplication beyond words in her face. And the minister lifted his face from his hands and looked at her; and little Mary, who had stolen in, came forward like a little wandering spirit and threw herself with a cry on Margaret's shoulder in a wild attempt to raise her up.

We have Ailie wrestling afterwards in the hillside in anguish that is almost despair; we have Mr. John writhing in agonies of grief and self-humiliation in the heather, under the windows of the dying girl. Such scenes would be impossible to Scotch temperaments in ordinary times. No one but the minister or some godly neighbour would venture to intrude on the sanctity of a dying chamber; no peasant maiden would forget her sex, her station, and her ignorance like Ailie; no laird would make a parish spectacle of himself like Mr. John, careless of opinion. But we know from the actual annals of these revivals that all that Mrs. Oliphant has imagined might happen, when Scotch folk intoxicate themselves with religious hysteria, as Eastern dervishes get drunk with bang. The power of her art lies in the dramatic purpose to which she has turned these contagious outbreaks, and the vigorous discrimination with which she has laid bare the working of the people's minds as they fall into moral convulsions in such "seasons of awakening." And such a novel flashes a strong side-light on some periods of Scottish history. It helps you to understand how the stern Cameronians suffered the spoiling of their goods, torture, and death, rather than submit to the arbitrary edicts of the government on secondary points of faith or forms. Then the obvious arguments and retorts of the fanatics, the temporizers and Erastian Gallios among the farming people who gather nightly "for their cracks" round the village forge, have a quaint, reverential, religious humour about them that we should be loth to pass over in silence, were it not that we shall come on something even better of the kind in

examining the novels of Mr. George Mac Donald.

After an interval of several years, we come to the last of Mrs. Oliphant's Scottish works. Indeed, "Valentine: and his Brother" appeared only the other day in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*. We remark in it especially the progress the author has made in the experience of life in its various phases. Now she shows herself as much at home in the aristocratic society of the county of Mid-Lothian as she has always been in the homes of the lairds and the manes of the clergy. She dedicates the book to her boys at Eton, and she writes of the Eton "fellows" with a fulness of knowledge that is wonderful in a woman. That, however, although deserving of notice, is a very subsidiary merit. The story is an admirable specimen of the constructive and dramatic art; and if the foundation of the plot is bold almost to extravagance, we are ready to forgive anything that is improbable in it, in consideration of the telling situations evolved. The heir of the noble house of Eskside, in his inexperienced but virtuous youth, has fallen a victim to the charms of a beautiful gipsy. He has married her, and bitterly regretted the *mésalliance* when he finds himself mismated in every way. Cold, though clever, the very stuff out of which you make a polished diplomat, adapting himself easily to cosmopolitan society, amusing his elegant leisure with æsthetic pursuits, he has nothing in common with the child of nature he has chosen. They drift apart, and their paths in life lie widely separate. While the Honourable Richard Ross is shining at foreign courts, Myra Forrest has gone back to her gipsy camp-fires, and is carrying his twin children about on the tramp. At last she decides to do one of the children justice, and to perform a grand act of restitution. She drops the younger of the boys at the doors of the ancestral halls, and the old folks at home, Lord Eskside and his wife, recognizing the features of their heir in the little wair, eagerly welcome him as their missing grandchild.

The boy, with much of the warm gipsy blood in his veins, turns out all that his fond grandparents could desire. The only drawback to their pride in him is the fear that he may betray the wild tendencies of his maternal race; and then there is the shadow of a cloud hanging over his origin. Gossips will talk of the "randy beggar wife" who brought him to the doors of Rossraig and then vanished on

the night of the great storm. But these reports about the handsome, spirited youth have been well-nigh forgotten, when they are maliciously revived in the height of a contested election. The secret blow has been dealt by the father of Valentine's lady-love and distant cousin—a gentleman who is heir presumptive, failing this unlucky foundling, to the honours and estates of the Eskside. Hence much trouble and excitement, and many openings for effective and suggestive writing, of which Mrs. Oliphant has not been slow to avail herself. Distracted between her family and her lover, Violet Pringle had bitter times of it. As for Valentine and his grandparents, they experience surprise on surprise, and sustain shock on shock, although these sensations follow naturally enough on the extravagantly romantic origin of the novel. Valentine had stumbled by accident on his mother and missing brother, was instinctively attracted to them, and had patronized them magnificently in unconsciousness of the relationship. It is much of a mystery how Myra the gipsy woman should have preserved, through her wandering gipsy life, the lady-like refinement of manner and feeling that had captivated the Honourable Richard Ross. It is more intelligible that, with such a mother, "Dick Brown," who is really Richard Ross the younger, should have been "brought up so respectable" as to be quite ready to turn into a gentleman. And the scenes arising out of discovery, recognition, and the coming together of the strangely assorted family under the influences of common interests and anxieties are admirably devised and depicted. Violet and Valentine are of course made happy in the end. Dick has a sublime opportunity of evincing his gratitude to his brother and benefactor; even the polished secretary of legation, after being woke up from his long lethargy of feeling, is sent back to his legation a better and happier man; and there is a promise of cheerful closing days for the old Lord Eskside and his warm-hearted lady. But "Valentine: and his Brother" do not shake us in our preference for our old acquaintance "The Minister's Wife." The conception of the latter is more simply natural; the analysis of minds and feelings more searching and profound; the work is more perfect in its finish and in its general harmony of idea. "Valentine: and his Brother," on the other hand, is rather a *tour de force*; having seized on a striking and sensational plot, its author succeeds in absorb-

ing us afterwards so as to make us forget to be incredulous and critical. It shows great literary talent on every page, and an extraordinary fertility of resource and invention; while nothing can be more enchanting than the description of that woodland scenery on the romantic banks of the Esk, with which very few Scotchmen are unfamiliar. Mrs. Oliphant writes indefatigably, and, as it seems to us, she is generally in the habit of driving at least a couple of works abreast. But so long as her fancy grows with what it feeds upon, and her execution improves with increased experience, we at least shall take no exception to her prolificness.

George Mac Donald's works have much in common with those of Mrs. Oliphant. The subjects are very similar, although Mr. Mac Donald takes his favourite heroes and heroines from a somewhat humbler grade. He goes to the cottage and the farmhouse, rather than to the laird's mansion or the manse. In both the religious element is largely predominant, but Mr. Mac Donald is more of the metaphysician and theologian, and searches into the inner nature of his creations with a more discriminating refinement of analysis. Every one knows that the Scotch are an eminently religious people; but the impression is that theirs is too often the selfish and narrow-minded sectarianism that shuts its eyes to the sins they are inclined to, while it is intolerantly observant of Levitical laws and ceremonies. Mr. Mac Donald admits there is some truth in that view, but he sets himself to do them justice while he does not gloss over their faults. He ridicules hypocrisy and inconsistency, and the complacent self-conceit that catches at biblical forms of speech while it can give little reason for the faith that is in it. But he shows that a good deal of hypocrisy and bigotry is really a tribute to that moral and religious tone which is so favourable to solemn thought and genuine piety. He delights in depicting the working-man, who in independent communing with his Creator and himself, has shaped out for himself a more catholic creed he scarcely dares to confess to, and has brought his intelligent benevolence into embarrassing conflict with his orthodoxy. He may be apt to over-refine and idealize in his "David Elginbrod." But it is impossible to doubt that, even in his "David Elginbrod," he must have followed nature very closely; that he must have had opportunities of familiarizing himself with the quaint phraseology which is made the vehicle for most original forms

of thought — phraseology that often borders apparently on irreverence in its familiar handling of sacred subjects. A determined enemy to Calvinistic exclusiveness, nothing rouses him to righteous indignation like the suggestion that the Supreme Ruler of this beautiful world can be anything else than the fountain of love and mercy. *Æsthetically* speaking, it is fortunate for his readers that he is so earnest an advocate of muscular Christianity, that he believes firmly that man was made for the purpose of innocent enjoyment. For discussions and disquisitions that would otherwise seem dull are enlivened by abundance of dry drollery — the gravest of mortals show frequent flashes of fun in the grey eyes under the shaggy eyebrows, and give utterance to excellent things they are more than half ashamed of — and then he has the hearty sympathy of a man who has been young himself, with the overflowing spirits and even the practical jokes of boyhood. Mr. Mac Donald, indeed, is constantly going back to his youthful days, and living his school and village life over again in the persons of his youthful heroes. So that his works are not only extremely realistic, but have a certain mannerism about them, with a slight smack of the schoolmaster. He is fond of taking the boy young, and passing over no detail of his development and education — the education, we mean, that comes of thought and self-examination rather than from parents or teachers. Throughout, his work is an analysis of living humanity, to which the interest of the plot is altogether subordinated. Mr. Mac Donald is a poet, and a good poet. His descriptions of Scotch scenery in light and darkness, snowstorm and sunshine, are often exquisite. Sometimes he breaks away from a strain of abstract speculation into fanciful eloquence as farfetched as anything in his "Phantastes," or he falls into a vein of sentimentalism that rather tempts one to smile than to weep. Yet he is even too honest and conscientious in representing Scotch life as he has seen and known it, and it says much for his peculiar powers that he makes his works so attractive as they are. It is true he writes for thoughtful readers. But even they may feel that he is sometimes unnecessarily didactic — that they are kept dwelling too long on matters that in themselves are by no means light or easy reading. In the boyhood and youth of a raw Scotch lad there must be much that is decidedly dull and prosaic, however striking may be the transformation scene, when the beauties of his moral

nature are bursting out in full brilliancy; and a dreamy, boyish passion is but an indifferent substitute for hopeful and heartfelt love-making in the ordinary manner. He sticks closely to what we presume is his native country — north-eastern Scotland. To those who know it as well as we do, nothing can seem more minutely truthful than his descriptions, and there is scarcely a page that does not recall to us associations that are linked with pleasant memories. He sets off to the utmost the cold charms of somewhat forbidding landscapes, and does ample romantic justice to the homely but kindly people. But even to a native of these parts the dialect of the people sounds uncouth and almost coarse, and instead of imitating Scott in departing from something that resembles colloquial English as slightly and as seldom as he conscientiously can, he has a mania for making every one go out of their way to discourse in the very broadest Scotch. Robert Falconer and Alec Forbes have both mastered English early, and as a matter of art they should be encouraged to speak it, by way of contrast with the people about them, who all express themselves in the primitive Doric. But they seldom miss an opportunity of going back to the old vernacular. Even a highborn lady in "Robert Falconer," who has long been resident in England, catches the infection, and does not content herself with those stray Scotticisms which used to give a pleasant piquancy to the talk of contemporaries of her birth and station. But when all has been said of them in the way of detracting criticism, Mr. Mac Donald's works must take very high rank for the most elevating qualities of fiction. They paint the noblest forms of religious and intellectual life with the fidelity of deep experience. They set up an exalted standard of excellence, and brace their readers for the battles of life by dwelling invariably on the heroic virtues of resolution, patience, self-reliance, and self-sacrifice. They encourage one under inevitable failures and disappointments, by showing that the bitters of existence may be the best of stimulants, and become positively pleasant in the after-taste.

"David Elginbrod" is unmistakably the work of a remarkable man, but it exaggerates both the faults and the beauties of the author. The fanciful element is extremely strong, even when he does not seek the excitement of his plot in the mystical and supernatural. Hugh Sutherland, the hero, is human enough; David, the stalwart old peasant-patriarch, with his almost celestial



tenderness for the weaknesses of his frail fellow-creatures, his original notions of the great mysteries of the religious government of the world, and his shrewd critical insight into the hidden meaning of such mystic poets as Coleridge, is barely conceivable; but Margaret, his angel-daughter, seems to us altogether the dream of a Fra Angelico's half-inspired fancy. Heaven, as it made her, taught her her first lessons, and under the hands of her fond father she grows in grace and moral beauty. With all her natural gifts, it strikes us as extravagant that a Scotch peasant girl, who has just quitted the paternal cottage, should develop so suddenly into the refined lady in every sense of the word. The young Scotch maid not only wins Hugh Sutherland's heart and reverence, which perhaps was natural enough, but she establishes a spiritual ascendancy over the various inmates of the English household she has been received into. She not only clothes beautiful thoughts in a rare dignity of language, but, in characteristic contrast to Mr. Mac Donald's usual practice, she forgets her Aberdeenshire patois for the purest English. We admire her, in short, as we admire the sweet creation of some fairy tale, rather than as a being of like passions with ourselves, although she is made archly womanly in the bit of wooing that winds up the volumes and settles her for life :—

"What is the matter, dear — Hugh?" she said, rising and laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Hoot, lassie," broke in her mother; "are ye makin' love till a man, a *gentleman*, before my very een?"

"He did it first, mother," answered Margaret with a smile.

As for the supernatural machinery—ghosts' walks, haunted chambers, mesmerism and spiritual influences, the quack Funkelstein, etc.—Mr. Mac Donald has discarded everything of the kind in his later books, and very wisely. It is indifferent art, as Scott proved in his "Monastery," unless you plunge at once over head and ears into allegory like *La Motte Fouqué*, to bring supernatural sensationalism to bear on the doings of the everyday world; and his shadowy revelations and visitations from the spirit-world seem strangely out of keeping with the conscientious realism of Mr. Mac Donald's reproductions of everyday life.

"David Elginbrod" is evidently the work of an original mind, we may say of an original genius. But "Alec Forbes

of Howglen," while avoiding most of its blemishes, is a far more finished story. The harmonies of conception are preserved throughout; the drawing of character is never exaggerated. After reading the book, an intelligent foreigner, who knew nothing whatever of Scotland, might carry away as clear an idea of the country and the people as he could have gathered from a short sojourn among the middle classes in a rural parish and a provincial tour. Alec himself goes through much the same course of training as Hugh Sutherland or Robert Falconer. Though somewhat better born and bred than his schoolfellows, he is sent with them to the parish school, there to prepare for the neighbouring university, where he hopes to pay his way by gaining a bursary (scholarship). *Mutatis mutandis*, his is the story of many a Scotch lad; although Alec not being made prematurely thoughtful by seeing his family stinting itself to forward him in the world, is as careless as an ordinary schoolboy ought to be, and vents his spirits in frolic and mischief. Thanks, less to his better position than to those nascent qualities that stamp the leaders of men, he is acknowledged as chief among his rough and rugged companions, — a trying position, and pretty sure to spoil any but a boy of generous nature. Nor is the parish schoolmaster the man to keep him straight. Mr. Malison is one of the best studies in the book. He is one of a class that is less common now than formerly. Like many another parochial teacher, after studying divinity and taking orders, he falls back in the mean time on the schoolmaster's desk, looking forward later to presentation to a parish. By the way, the story of how he became a "stick-it minister" — that is, how he broke down ignominiously in the pulpit, while trying to dispense with the use of manuscript — is told with admirable drollery. Meantime Malison is the petty tyrant of the school-house, and his unlucky scholars lead miserable lives within doors, though the habit of being maltreated has become second nature with them, and they forget their sorrows when they break loose for the day. It is characteristic of the stern notions of discipline of their really affectionate parents, that the fathers do not interfere, though the mothers may be resentful. An old man brings his grandchildren to place them under Mr. Malison's charge :—

There had come to the school about a fortnight before two unhappy-looking twin orphans, with white thin faces and bones in their clothes instead of legs and arms, committed to

the mercies of Mr. Malison by their grandfather. Bent into all the angles of a grasshopper, and lean with ancient poverty, the old man tottered away with his stick in one hand, stretched far out to support his stooping frame, and carried in the other the caps of the two forsaken urchins, saying as he went in a quavering, croaking voice, "I'll just tak' them wi' me, or they'll no be fit for Sawbath within a fortnicht. They're terrible laddies to blaud (spoil) their claes." Turning with difficulty when he had reached the door, he added, "Noo, ye just give them their whaps weel, Maister Mailison, for ye ken that he that spareth the rod blaudeth the bairn."

Thus authorized, Malison certainly did "gie them their whaps weel."

Brutal severity of this kind would have gone far towards spoiling Alec Forbes, by exciting angry passions and a sense of injustice, had not his spirit been too high to be easily broken. As it is, it develops his manly qualities by making him the generous protector of the feeble, especially of a certain charming little Annie Anderson, who ends by marrying the champion who was the object of her childish adoration. What helps to save Alec also, besides the influence of his excellent mother, is familiar intercourse with some of the godly working-men. Their excellent hearts and their narrow opinions are always dragging them in opposite directions. There is one Thomas Crann, a stonemason, and a pillar of the local Dissenting chapel. He cannot deny that Alec Forbes is a vessel of wrath at present, but he sees promise and almost assurance of a blessed future for him. Thomas never neglects the opportunity of speaking a word in season to any of his neighbours, and even the more thoughtless of them being unconsciously inoculated with the serious atmosphere they have been brought up in, have no disrelish for abstract speculation in solemn subjects. They reply to Thomas's warnings with mingled seriousness and badinage, being always pleased to make him trip in an argument or to catch him out in a contradiction. We quote the following conversation at some length as a good specimen of the talk with which they lighten their labours. It came off in the churchyard after a funeral, between Crann the mason and Macwha the wright (carpenter):—

"Hech! it's a weary warl," said George.

"Ye hae no richt to say sae, George," answered Thomas; "for ye hae never met it an' foughten wi' it. Ye hae never draan the soord o' the Lord and o' Gideon. Ye hae never broken the pitcher to let the light shine owt, an' I doubt ye hae smored it by this time.

And sae when the bridegroom comes ye'll be ill aff for a licht."

"Hoot, man! dinna speak sic awfu' things in the verra kirkyard."

"Better hear them in the kirkyard than at the closed door, George."

"Weel, but," rejoined Macwha, anxious to turn the current of the conversation, which he found unpleasantly personal; "jist tell me honestly, Thomas Crann, do ye believe wi' a' your heart an' sowl that the deid man—Gude be wi' him!"

"No prayin' for the deid i' my hearing, George! as the tree falleth, so it shall lie."

"Weel, weel, I didna mean anything."

"That I verily believe. Ye seldom do."

"Wad it be a glorified timmer leg he rase wi', gin he had been buried wi' a timmer leg?" asked he.

"His ain leg wad be buried some gate."

"Ow, ah, nae doubt. An' it wad come happin' ower the Paccific or the Atlantic to fine its oreginal stump—wad it no? But supposin' the man had been wantin' a leg—eh Thomas?"

"George, George," said Thomas, with great solemnity, "luik ye efter your sowl, an' the Lord 'll luik efter your body, legs an' a'. Man, ye're no convertit, an' how can ye unnerstan' the things o' the speerit? Aye jeerin' an' jeerin'."

"Weel, weel, Thomas, . . . I was only takin' the leeberty o' thinkin' that when he was about it, the Almighty might as weel mak' a new body a'thegither as patch up the auld ane. Sae I'se awa hame."

"Mind ye your immortal pairt, George."

"Gin the Lord tak's sic guid care o' the body, Thomas," retorted Macwha, with less of irreverence than appeared in his words, "maybe he winna objec' to gie a look to my pair sowl as weel, for they say it's worth a hantle mair. I wish he wad, for he kens better nor me how to set about the job."

Removed from such unsophisticated companionship to the university, Alec casts his village slough, though slowly. Mr. Mac Donald goes back heart and soul to his college days with their delightful memories for the hopeful and studious. His description of the primitive life in a Scotch university, with all its drawbacks and advantages, is given with equal truth and spirit. But the newly-arrived student has a fit of romantic musing on the threshold of the world which is just opening before him:—

Alec stood at the window and peered down into the narrow street, through which, as in a channel between rocks burrowed into dwellings, ran the ceaseless torrent of traffic. He felt at first as if life had really opened its gates, and he had been transported into the midst of its drama. But in a moment the show changed, turning first into a meaningless



procession; then into a chaos of conflicting atoms; reforming itself at last into an endlessly unfolding coil, no break in the continuity of which would ever reveal its hidden mechanism. For to no mere onlooker will life any more than fairyland open its secret. A man must become an actor before he becomes a true spectator.

Mr. Mac Donald conjures up before us the old university-town — Old Aberdeen evidently — with the picturesque features brought out in strange contrast by the generally bleak scenery and baldly uninteresting buildings. There is the grey old college with its granite crown, its butressed quadrangle, its colonnades, and its chapel, owing its foundation to the munificence of times when episcopal dignitaries were the liberal patrons of art. There is the venerable "Brig of Balgounie," spanning, as Byron says, its deep black salmon pool, below a reach of the river whose precipitous banks are densely timbered down to the water's edge. Above all, there is the dreary stretch of "bents" and links lying along the shore of the melancholy Northern Ocean, and yet with a wild beauty of their own. There Alec, although no dreamer constitutionally, naturally delights to wander when he has fallen in love, which he does quickly enough, with a cousin of his own. But, as we have remarked already, the tender passion in Mr. Mac Donald's Scotch works is generally etherealized beyond reasonable prospect of fruition. We knew beforehand that nothing can come of this impulsive boyish attachment, and therefore, though the pangs in the boy's heart may be terrible, our own does not throb sympathetically; and we feel that the practical considerations, which Mr. Mac Donald's lovers ignore, must be paramount after all. For his lovers either set their affections on women hopelessly above them, while they are themselves penniless and without prospects, or they begin sighing after maidens who are relatively women, before they have even got out of their jackets. Here is Alec hanging on the lips and waiting on the looks of his cousin Kate, while he is beginning his course of college studies, and leading from necessity a life of privation, that reminds one of the Breton Cloarcks of St. Pol de Léon. Clearly the pair can't marry, and they don't. Kate, for all the exaltation of her fanciful and sentimental character, is too womanly to plight herself to him, even had she no other attachment. At the same time, when we see how gracefully Mr. Mac Donald makes the girl half

ardently breathe out her undefined yearnings, while honest Alec makes creditable efforts to understand her and answers prosaically wide of the mark, we feel a regret that we are not indulged with love scenes that might possibly end in happy marriages. So in "Robert Falconer," Robert, when a mere village boy, plunges ecstatically into a hopeless adoration of a beautiful and accomplished Miss St. John, a mature woman brought up in the ways of English refinement. Of course she only likes him; her unsuspicious praises and caresses draw him on; and what we must call his "calf-love" becomes the absorbing sorrow of his life. It makes him consecrate himself to benevolent works and become the providence of the helpless.

Fortunately for himself, Alec Forbes forms friendships as well as attachments. He finds a sage mentor in Mr. Cosmo Cupples, perhaps the very best character of the novel, who first makes Forbes' acquaintance by running up against him in the darkness: —

"Whustlin'?" said the man interrogatively.

"Ay, what for no?" answered Alec cheerily.

"Haud yer een aff o' rainbows, or ye'll brak yer shins upo' gravestanes," replied the man.

Poor Cupples himself had broken his shins on a gravestone whilst fixing his rapt gaze on a rainbow. A lady of noble family had stirred all the depths in a tender and emotional nature, and then turned her back on the poor tutor when he was hopelessly bewitched. With a fine fancy and versatile intellect, he lives the life of a recluse with some chosen books magnificently bound, a pipe, and a jar of spirits for the companions of his solitude. He seems settled into a confirmed drunkard, although his dismal little den is illuminated with fitful flashes of genius. The disreputable brilliant little man is his own worst enemy. He indulges his pet vice without restraint, but takes special care that his *protégé* Alec Forbes shall not fall into it; and when at last his example has more power than his precepts, he braces himself up for a sublime effort, and as the reward of his virtue, he saves himself in saving Alec. Mr. Cupples' literary criticisms are pointed and original. On Sterne: —

The clever deevil had his entrails in his breast an' his hert in his belly, an' regairdet neither God nor his ain mither. His lauchter's no like the cracklin' o' thorns under a pot, but like the nicherin' o' a deil ahint the wain-scot.

Of Shelley he says: —

A bonny cratur' wi' mair thoihts than there was room for i' the bit heid o' him. Consequently he gaed staggerin' aboot as gin he had been tied to the tail o' an invisible balloon. Unco' licht heidet, but no muckle hairm in him by natur'.

When in uncontrollable anxiety he makes his way on foot to Alec's house in the country, and there helps to nurse the love-stricken prodigal through a critical illness, Cupples is gradually drawn into free interchange of thought with Thomas Crann and Annie Anderson, although the austere elder and the innocent girl at first regard the elderly scapegrace with some natural repugnance:—

"I was glad to see you at oor kirk, sir," said Thomas.

"What for that?" returned the librarian. . . .

"A stranger wad aye be welcomed to anybody's hoose."

"I didna ken it was your hoose."

"Ow na. It's no my hoose; it's the Lord's hoose. But a smile frae the servin'-lass that opens the door's something till a man that gangs to ony hoose the first time," replied Thomas, who, like many men of rough address, was instantly put upon his good behaviour by the exhibition of like roughness in another. This answer disarmed Cupples.

The whole book is full of quaint dialogues of the kind, constantly breaking out in sparkles of rustic humour, which must inevitably be spoiled to English people by the language in which they are wrapped up. Everybody must be impressed, however, by Mr. Mac Donald's own descriptions of scenery, and by the passages often pregnant with precious moral lessons, in which he moralizes on the character and sources of action of his own creations. And these general criticisms on "Alec Forbes" adapt themselves almost equally to "Robert Falconer," for the works resemble each other very closely, in purpose as well as in plot. It is true that Falconer is represented as a being of much rarer mould than Alec Forbes, who merely shows noble traits in a far more ordinary nature. Falconer's history is carried farther and higher. He is chastened prematurely by that disappointment of the affections we alluded to; he gradually withdraws himself from what is called the world, while living and toiling unceasingly among the needy and miserable. His own various and sad experiences have taught him sympathy with the sins and sorrows of others. And as his nature is finer and more reflective, so his

religious opinions are broader and more decidedly his own than those of his prototypes in former works. Goodwill to all men is the doctrine he indefatigably labours to expound and illustrate by his actions. But so far his path lies parallel to that of Alec Forbes. He has been taught in the same way and sent to the same college. He is quite as full of boisterous fun in his juvenile days, though the boy's unusual honesty and independence is well brought out in his respectful opposition to what he feels to be the Puritanical tyranny of his old Calvinistic grandmother. The fight he makes for his beloved fiddle—a "Cry moany," or a "Straddle vawrious" at least—Cremona or Straduarii, as an enthusiastic cobbler amateur describes it—the fiddle whose strains awaken the latent music in his soul, is admirably told. But the man in Falconer matures much more quickly than in Forbes, although, while he is putting off youthful things, and sobering down his buoyant spirits, his feelings lose little of their freshness. His Christianity is muscular as well as charitable, and the fact that he is of stalwart build and notoriously clever with his fists, goes far to facilitate his missionary labours in the rougher districts of poverty-stricken London.

The formation of his character, and the shaping of his career, are worked out with a good deal of quiet sensation. The quick and earnest boy grows up in a gloomy atmosphere. He cannot help thinking. His father has been a scapegrace, who fills the whole thought of his grim old grandmother. Her dominating idea is, that should her prodigal son be still in the flesh, he may yet be snatched like a brand from the burning; and it becomes the fixed intention of young Robert to seek out this lost parent and reclaim him. Then comes Miss St. John to inspire him with a love which soon begins to play its part in his painful education. His high character, too, involves him in heavy responsibilities, which, however, he accepts with submission, as they extend his opportunities of doing good. He is left a large fortune that he may administer it as trustee for benevolent purposes; he leads something of the life of a pious Monte Christo, or of Rudolph in "The Mysteries of Paris," acting the providence to other people, held in consideration by roughs and criminals, and in the most confidential relations with the metropolitan police. Robert Falconer, in short, is a really sublime character, and yet he is thoroughly lifelike

throughout, though somewhat fanciful in his speech and most decidedly original in his opinions.

As yet we have not quoted any of George Mac Donald's pictures of scenery, as they are shown to us through the transparent medium of his peculiar mysticism, and yet deeply steeped in local colour. Falconer and a schoolfellow have started on a walk to a farm, near the little town where they live :—

They crossed a small river and entered on a region of little hills, some covered to the top with trees chiefly larch, others uncultivated, and some bearing only heather, now nursing in secret its purple flame for the outburst of the autumn. The road wound between, now swampy and worn into deep ruts, now sandy and broken with large stones. Down to its edge would come the dwarfed oak, or the mountain ash, or the silver birch, single and small, but lovely and fresh; and now green fields, fenced with walls of earth as green as themselves, or of stones overgrown with moss, would stretch away on both sides, sprinkled with busily feeding cattle. Now they would pass through a farm-steading perfumed with the breath of cows, and the odour of burning peat—so fragrant! though not yet so grateful to the inner sense as it would be when encountered in after years and in foreign lands. For the smell of burning and the smell of earth are the deepest underlying sensuous bonds of the earth's unity, and the common brotherhood of them that dwell therein. Now the scent of the larches would steal from the hill, or the wind would waft the odour of the white clover. . . . Then they clomb a high ridge, on the top of which spread a moorland, dreary and desolate, brightened by nothing save the "canna's hoary beard" waving in the wind, and making it look even more desolate from the sympathy they felt with the forsaken grass. This crossed, they descended between young plantations of firs and rowan trees and birches, till they reached a farmhouse on the side of the slope.

Then, by way of comparison, we may sketch a city scene—in Seven Dials, in place of Aberdeenshire :—

Here and there stood two or three brutal-looking men, and now and then a squalid woman with a starveling baby in her arms, in the light of the gin-shops. The babies were the saddest to see—nursery plants already in training for the places these men and women now held, then to fill a pauper's grave, or perhaps a perpetual cell—say rather for the awful spaces of silence, where the railway director can no longer be guilty of a worse sin than housebreaking, and his miserable brother will have no need of the shelter of which he deprived him. Now and then a flaunting woman wavered past—a *night-shade* as an old dramatist would have called her. I could

hardly keep down an evil disgust that would have conquered pity, when a scanty white dress would stop beneath a lamp, and the gay, dirty bonnet turning round reveal a painted face, from which shone little more than an animal intelligence, *not* heightened by the gin she had been drinking. . . . The noisome vapours seemed fit for any of Swedenborg's hells. There were few sounds, but the very quiet seemed infernal. A skinned cat, possibly still alive, fell on the street before me. Under one of the gas-lamps lay something long; it was a tress of dark hair torn perhaps from some woman's head—she had beautiful hair at least. Once I heard the cry of murder.

The one description is as true and pleasing as the other is true and painful. It is the merit of Mr. Mac Donald that he can throw himself with a perfect self-abandonment into all that he has seen or thought; that he has assimilated his own observations and experiences till he has them instinctively at command for the purposes of his art. Imagination comes to the help of memory, although occasionally it will break away out of guiding-strings to run riot in the shadowy regions of dreamland.

In "*Malcolm*" imagination is in the ascendant, although in the way in which actual localities are introduced there is a realism that reminds a Scotchman of De Foe. The names of towns are so transparently transposed as to be unmistakable to those who are acquainted with the north-eastern counties. Some of the noblemen's and gentlemen's seats—Huntley Lodge, Frendraught, etc.—are introduced with no disguise. Even where the titles of the noblemen are fictitious, those who are familiar with the local recollections of the last generation or two can have no difficulty in identifying such individuals as the Marquis of Lossie. But Malcolm himself is neither an Alec Forbes nor a "Robert Falconer"—nor a George Mac Donald—except in certain of the stronger touches that go to a very noble and manly nature. His upbringing has been different from theirs; there is much in his mysterious story that is romantic in the extreme. Natural he may be, and we trust for the credit of human aspirations that he is decidedly possible; but although he is leading the life of a rough fisher-lad when we make his acquaintance, he is made of no ordinary clay, and has been cast in the most muscular yet delicate moulds. It is little to say of him in the common phrase, that he is one of nature's gentlemen. For involved in a complication of the most embarrassing situations; kept steadfastly by

circumstances in what seems a false position; constantly brought face to face with ingeniously devised emergencies, the promptings of his head and heart come to him like infallible inspirations. His is one of those hero-natures that neither know fear, irresolution, nor selfishness. He is animated by the very spirit of self-sacrifice; the simple dignity of his thought and bearing dwarfs men and women of the world of the highest station and no ordinary capacity. In his consciousness of strength he can control himself under the undeserved insults, which his first fiery impulse is indignantly to resent.

Decidedly more natural than Malcolm is the Lady Florimel, who in the advances she makes in her inborn caprice and coquettishness, has so much to do with forming and refining him. Mr. Mac Donald need hardly take such pains to remind us that her nature is an inferior one to his, for his, as we have said, is altogether exceptional. Lady Florimel, moreover, has been a spoiled and petted child, and her father's somewhat turbulent blood flows in her veins; in all innocence, and the consciousness of belonging to a different order of beings, she makes a plaything of the handsome and intelligent young fisherman. She is so irresistibly bewitching with it all, that from the first his strong sense makes him distrust her intoxicating influence. Gradually, however, he yields more and more to the spells and beauty of the syren. Gleams of fantastical hope will occasionally flash across his mind; and she on her side acknowledging her master in the man who is so entirely her social inferior, seems sometimes to be bridging the gulf that divides them, and giving him reasonable pretext for his foolish day-dreams. How it all ended we leave our readers to find out; for the novel being comparatively a recent one, many of them may be in ignorance of a *dénouement* we should be sorry to spoil. If Lady Florimel was half tempted to stoop from her high estate, there was the better reason for it, that this incomparable Malcolm had established an almost equal ascendancy over her father. The Marquis of Lossie was a veteran courtier and a wary man of the world, yet his respect for Malcolm was only increased when he had persuaded the fisherman to enter his service; and though he had the high courage of his long-descended race, he admired and esteemed the young man the more, when he had borne with spirited meekness the blow he dealt him on one occasion.

Best of the inferior characters is the venerable piper, who, as it comes out in the end, is only the father of Malcolm by adoption. With the fiery soul of an ancient senachie, his is a pride in no way inferior to that of the noble marquis; and in spite of the fierce animosities of race that have grown into a monomania with time, he is as full of tenderness as of lofty chivalry. The Gaelic element in his poetically broken English is brought out in wonderful contrast with the Scottish dialect that is spoken by his neighbours. "Malcolm," indeed, is a rare masterpiece of popular philological discrimination—if we may indulge in long words in defining what reads so simply natural; and the story is so excellent in its execution as far as it has gone, that we are glad its author has imitated for once the objectionable practice of the fashionable French novelists of the day, and under the form of what professes to be a complete work, published an interrupted tale which leaves us anxiously expectant of the promised sequel. In "Malcolm," as in the rest of Mr. Mac Donald's novels, the tone is as elevated as the ethics are sound, though the theology is decidedly more free than orthodox, and it is high praise to say of his works that it is impossible to read them without being benefited.

It is difficult to deal with a subject so comprehensive as Scotch novels within anything like reasonable compass. We had meant to say something in commendation of Mr. Gibbon, author of "Auld Robin Gray," etc., and are reluctantly obliged to give up the intention. But we could not reconcile it to our conscience to close our article without a reference to Mr. William Black. Fortunately, we may be very brief, for this reason, that his novels have been lately in everybody's hands. The latest of Mrs. Oliphant's, with the exception of "Valentine: and his Brother," date from a good many years back. It pleases Mr. Mac Donald to pitch his works on a key which is above the appreciation and intelligence of many of the devourers of fiction, and he dresses them besides in a national garb which is foreign to English ideas of fashion. But Mr. Black's writings recommend themselves to every one, and we may say unhesitatingly that he is the most popular of the three. Nor is it any slur on him to say so. He shows himself an accomplished master of the higher branches of his art; he has the gift of powerfully affecting the sympathies, and an instinctive perception of dramatic possibilities. But

at the same time he has a very serviceable knack of keeping a finger on the pulse of the public. He makes large allowance for the unsuspected intelligence and susceptibilities that lie latent in those who seem most frivolous and unimpressible. Yet he neither condescends to write down to them, nor does he try their patience too far. He glides insensibly from mood to mood; even when his thought is grave his touch is light; he treats the theme of love at once with playfulness and tenderness; he writes of field-sports, yachting, and sea-fishing with the pen and knowledge of a devotee; while his soul is always catching fire at the beauties of nature, until his persistent adoration of them becomes almost tedious. There is no doubt as to his manner of treatment. Like Mrs. Oliphant, he seeks out the good and beautiful, and his most sombre pictures in his wildest scenes are brought out against a background of poetical feeling. Look at his views of the Hebrides in winter storms, or of those dull brown moorlands that lay round the manse of Airlie. See how after making the king of Boroa somewhat ludicrous by the shallow Machiavellism the tiresome old gentleman affects, he makes us part with him on the friendliest terms after all, thanks to the unselfish devotion he shows his daughter.

We greatly admire "The Princess of Thule." As you sit of an evening in her little parlour at Boroa, you seem to listen to the howl of the storm and the grinding of the surf; you look out from the casement of a morning on the grey clouds, flitting across the "gurly lift"; and in spite of the odours of spirits and tobacco, you catch the briny odour of the seaweed that is heaped upon the strand. We could quote description on description of storm or sunshine among the hills and on the lochs, that have affected us so strongly as to recur naturally to our memory, under the suggestion of similar circumstances. But we confess that we prefer his former novel—"A Daughter of Heth." Away from her native Hebrides Sheila Mackenzie ceases to be natural to us, and gets into a false position. Mr. Black enlists our sympathies in her favour, which says much for his art, but he deals hard measure to her husband. Lavender may have been foolishly imprudent in thinking their marriage would ensure their happiness, but when his folly finds him out in London society, it is unfair to insinuate that he was altogether in fault throughout. We rejoice over the reconciliation at Bo-

roa, but, if Sheila is a creature of flesh and blood, we are assured that the troubles of the couple are by no means at an end, notwithstanding the experience they have bought so dearly.

In "A Daughter of Heth" there is little of all that, though we might take some exception to such trifles as the behaviour of "the Whaup" when he makes his *début* in fashionable Glasgow society. Generally the book is as true to nature, and as artfully artless as Coquette herself. We are sorely disappointed by its gloomy ending, because we have come to take such a heartfelt interest in both Coquette and "the Whaup;" but we have always maintained that an author may exercise his own discretion as to the way he interprets destiny. And the beginning is as amusing as may be, without going at all wide of probabilities. Mr. Black not only finds pleasant sermons in stones, but he gets a great deal of broad fun out of the interior of a Scotch manse that is administered on the severest principles of the strictest sect of Presbyterian zealots. The very austerity of the discipline is made to heighten the humour. What can be better than "the Whaup" and his band of brothers: the battle of the garden, where they are surprised by their father, defending the wall against the stoners and slingers from the parish school, on principles of warfare they have borrowed from the pages of Josephus? Or that ponderous volume of Josephus, the only quasi-secular work tolerated by the minister as light reading of a Sabbath evening, round which the youthful students gather with such eagerness, the folio having been ingeniously hollowed out for the accommodation of a couple of white mice? Or "the Whaup" holding the good boy of the family by the heels, dependent from a bridge with his head over the water, compelling him to compromise his character and conscience by uttering language that seemed to him to be portentously blasphemous?

"The Whaup" himself—by the way, Mr. Black, who surely ought to know, asserts that the word is Scotch for the green plover, whereas we have always heard it applied to the curlew—changes wonderfully, yet not unnaturally, in course of the story. The frolicsome, spirited, chivalrous, insubordinate lad settles down into the loving, resolute, chivalrous man. But it is Coquette herself who is the masterpiece, as she ought to be. It was an admirable idea, dropping an innocent, sunnynatured French girl into the dim, religious



interior of a Scotch manse. The little she has been taught of the pious duties incumbent on her, appears most heathenish and horrible to these sworn enemies of the Scarlet Woman. Her young cousins shrink from her at first in superstitious repulsion. The ancient servants regard her and her gay manners and her bright ways with holy horror. Her venerable uncle believes she has everything to learn, while treating her with fatherly tenderness; and as for "the Whaup," he feels for long as if he were being lured onwards into the snares of a Circe. Then how Coquette steals insensibly on them all, one after another. Her nature is as bright and loving as her wayward manners are winning; and even when love, innocence, and ill-regulated principles together, bring her close upon the brink of sin, she loses nothing of the reader's regard, of the affection of the minister, or the love of his eldest son. We have brought ourselves to feel such an interest in her, that though, as we said, we are willing to concede an author every licence in that respect, yet we can hardly forgive Mr. Black for clouding her bright existence, and taking her from her husband's arms to lay her in an untimely grave.

Looking at it distinctly as a Scotch novel, "A Daughter of Heth" takes a very high place. Mr. Black deals chiefly with such national idiosyncrasies as lie on the surface, and does not profess, like Mr. Mac Donald, to lay bare the intricate metaphysical machinery of the worthies who figure in his pages. But to say nothing of "the Whaup," the very personification of a Scotch lad of the middle classes, and of the best sort; the minister, the school-master, old Anderson, the minister's man, and "Leesieboss" his wife, as Coquette calls her, are all individualities who live in our memories. The chapters are not overcrowded with people or incidents, and the book gains accordingly. We have no intention of closing our article by drawing comparisons. "Placing" authors always reminds us of the rough-and-ready practice of guide-books, who rank pictures executed in the most different styles according to absolute degrees of merit, and decide off-hand between Domenichino's "St. Jerome" and Paul Potter's "Bull." But at least we may have said enough to show that at this moment we have three living Scotch novelists, each of whom has done more to perpetuate the best traditions of their art than any writer who has appeared since the death of the author of "Waverley."

From Good Words.

## WHAT SHE CAME THROUGH.

BY SARAH TYTLER,  
AUTHOR OF "LADY BELL," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## LOOKING WHERE DICK WAS DRAWN OUT.

THE misadventure of Dick, with Joel Wray's share in it, and the change it was likely to make in Long Dick's late bad feeling to the stranger, made a great impression at the manor farm and at Saxford.

Pleasance especially was much interested in it, and never ceased to desire to hear the particulars over again, while she sorrowed for her old friend Punch. As for Lizzie Blennerhasset, the tale of Dick's narrow escape, communicated to her without any preparation, caused her to faint away on the spot, and, after being brought round by rough-and-ready remedies, to continue shaken and weakly for many days.

It was in consideration of Lizzie's illness that Pleasance, in that slack time which occurs just after harvest, seized the opportunity, after service one Sunday afternoon, to offer to take Lizzie out in the little market-cart. Mrs. Balls was wont to drive in it to Cheam and effect such small sales of cheese, butter, and eggs as she was allowed to take for her house-keeping in addition to her wages, and which did not come under the tale of the great sales of cheese, between the bailiff and a cheese-factor, who sent over his waggon for the produce.

Pleasance had first accompanied Mrs. Balls in her marketing, and then been occasionally entrusted to do the marketing for the elder woman, when Mrs. Balls did not feel equal to what she was accustomed to regard in the double light of an important duty and a great treat. As a step to this promotion, Pleasance had learnt to drive the little market-cart and its pony, the pony at manor farm. Pleasance took some pride in the accomplishment, though it was by no means uncommon, three-fourths of the young countrywomen, servants or poor farmers' daughters in the farms around, being able and accustomed to drive such carts to market.

At first Lizzie would not be persuaded to go and get the air, though Pleasance had out the cart on purpose, and had come over to fetch her, and though any other Saxford girl would have grasped at the simplest form of an outing.

"I 'a no mind to go abroad, Pleasance,



thank'ee all the same," said Lizzie, with the languor of shaken nerves and depression of spirits.

"Come, Lizzie," urged Pleasance, "it is a jewel of a day, not too scorching or dazzling. I'll take you round the Broad, and we'll have a look at the wild ducks and the plover, though this ain't their best season; I wish you saw them in winter among the ice," said Pleasance, bringing forward the inducement which would have been most powerful with herself, "I'll bring you back with an appetite for tea, see if I don't."

"Could you take me round to that there place where Long Dick fell in?" asked Lizzie, tempted by the mention of the Broad, a morbid craving rising up in her wistful, blue eyes, "I 'ould like that just, for I dream on it, nights," she added with a shudder.

"To be sure I could take you, but if it mingle with your dreams, why go after it waking? It would be better if you could forget it, Lizzie; Long Dick is none the worse, he is all the better of a gallant act done for him, for Dick is not the man to fail to heed or to forget gallantry in a neighbour. Your cousin is gallant himself," said Pleasance, able to afford to praise Dick, with a warm colour in her cheek, which was not for Dick. "The only precious thing which was lost in the Broad was our poor old Punch, whom you did not know from any other horse, that you should go and look at the place where he came by his end."

"I 'ould like to see if the place come nigh-hand to what I see it in my dreams," persisted Lizzie.

"Very well," said Pleasance, not disinclined to the pilgrimage on her own account, "you will get the fresh air all the same, and perhaps the sight of the real place will satisfy your mind, and prevent your dreaming of it any more—only I know it very well, and I dreamt of it last night," admitted Pleasance, drawing a long breath, and with a far-away look in her hazel-grey eyes, but not as if the dream had been altogether disagreeable to her, not even though Dick and another had been in peril, and Punch had perished.

Lizzie was lifted into the cart with less remark than might have been expected in Saxford on a Sunday. Of course its population was doubled on that day, while its young men and women were loitering about in their Sunday clothes, whether they had been to church or not, and its older men and women were at least

"tidied up," as in honour of a festival. Certainly this view of the Lord's day was not altogether mistaken, if one went back to the original Sabbath, for it was held as a festival by the Jewish people—a festival of so sacred and inalienable a character, that a provision was made for the exception of the Sabbath in all ordained seasons of fasting.

But Sunday leisure and company in Saxford only implied quadrupled facilities for gossip, and Pleasance and Lizzie's exemption from having their whole history and prospects raked up, and their escape with no more than a passing comment resulted from a diversion of public attention occasioned by the recurrence of the great Sunday afternoon event, which never palled in interest to the minds of the villagers.

When there was no special custom at the Brown Cow, Host Morse paid his hebdomadal piece of attention to his spouse, which happily answered the double purpose of occupying and enlivening himself during hours that might otherwise have hung heavily on his hand. With a noisy, hilarious clatter and bustle, belonging to the man, he yoked his much-vaunted bay mare into his dog-cart ostensibly for the benefit and pleasure of "the missus."

She, on her part, received the act of gallantry with a double infusion of her usual elaborate modesty and meekness, while she extended the boon to three or four boys and girls, children of one of those female relations of Mrs. Morse's, who frequently visited her in the plenty and stir of the Brown Cow. These children were crammed in wherever they could find standing-room, and as they had frequently to be caught and dressed for the excursion at the last moment, with Host Morse and his mare fuming alike over the delay, the starting of the cavalcade was not only a thing of time, but was attended with much commotion. All the population looked to it for their Sunday afternoon spectacle, especially Mrs. Blennerhasset waited devotedly upon her crony to the last moment.

Thus the two young women got away almost unobserved, and drove off through the lanes, which, in spite of the treeless character of the neighbourhood, were rendered bowery by the degree to which the thorn-hedges were crossed, tessellated, interlaced, and hanging all waving with an exuberant growth of brambles and dog-roses, travellers' joy and briony. The profuse harvest of haws was already crimson. The abundant hips of the dog-roses

were orange; here and there a knot of flowers, changing from white to peach-colour, crested the countless clusters of rough berries — still green, not black — on the brambles. The great round leaves of the briony were still more like vine-leaves than those of the bramble, and the bunches of the green briony berries might have stood for tender grapes but for their clear solidity. The travellers' joy presented innumerable tufts of down, and bore out its country name of "old man's beard."

The hedgerows were rich, though they were not quite ripe, as Pleasance and Lizzie regretted, that Pleasance might have gone out and picked blackberries, and they were agreeably suggestive even without the hedge-sparrows and linnets, bees, and spiders in their webs that Pleasance was constantly detecting.

Lizzie's spirits rose with the change from the smith's house to the lanes, and with the motion which did not fatigue too much, rough as it was, in spite of Pleasance's efforts to exert her best skill in behalf of her friend the lame girl, whose ordinary mode of progression was the much more laborious and painful mode of walking.

Lizzie was nearly cheerful, for a hopelessly love-sick and ghost-ridden girl, when the cart drove up to the Broad — a different Broad from that which had mirrored the louring night when Long Dick had taken his way home by its skirts, and had all but fallen a victim to his confidence in its shallows. The great sheet of water lay sleeping, not gleaming like steel — for it was not a dazzling day, as Pleasance had said — under a fair afternoon sky. Flocks of birds were coming and going over it, piping and screaming as they went.

The barges and wherries that on week-days often crossed the Broad, which was the connecting link between several of the slow, brimming rivers of the country, were in a great degree wanting on a Sunday afternoon, though one clumsy, lazy-looking, red-sailed barge lay gently swaying at the far end. There was also an absence of the pleasure-boats and fishing-boats belonging to a few boatmen, whose houses bore the name of Broad End, and were presided over by the Angler's Inn, with hop-poles in front and a tea-garden behind, the whole dimly discernible as a patch of weather-stained, red brick, from the other extremity of the Broad. The little colony was mostly patronized by visitors from Cheam, and although some of them straggled over on Sundays, as a

rule they were lacking. As for the wind-mills in sight, they were of course still.

But the great Broad, its fluttering, screaming birds, and its speck of a boat here and there, with the faint sound of distant oars, and the remote echo of distant voices, to break still farther the silence, did not strike Pleasance and Lizzie as at all dreary under the summer afternoon clouds.

Neither were the women left to experience any feeling of solitude in the scene. Pleasance had not driven many yards along the road, which ran by the edge of the water, before the cart and its occupants overtook Long Dick and Joel Wray, who had strolled over in the Sunday afternoon's leisure, from the farm, drawn, and that together, in their turn, by the recollection of the threatened tragedy in which they had played their part.

The young men hailed the women, and hastened to give them the advantage of their knowledge in pointing out accurately the various localities of the story. At yonder corner Long Dick had taken to the water — a little to the left poor Punch had gone down — from that group of flags Joel Wray had spied the fallen man and horse, and first waded and then swum to the spot where they were disappearing. When Pleasance had craned her neck, and rivetted her attention on the absorbing particulars, and Lizzie Blennerhasset had quivered and shivered anew to her heart's content, Joel Wray proposed a little change in the proceedings.

"Ain't you tired jolting along?" he addressed both the girls. "Couldn't we leave the pony and cart here somewhere, and go out for a little sail on the water?" he suggested to Dick.

Long Dick entertained the proposal in his deliberate fashion. "Powny ain't restive, and might be tied to Tim Burford's boat-pole, which he have fixed on his own account down here. I know my man, and 'ould borry his boat for as long as I pleased, athout offence. What do'ee think, Pleasance?"

"I did not engage to drive home before five o'clock, when I must give Mrs. Balls her tea in time for going to the evening service. It is three o'clock now," said Pleasance, conscientiously but longingly. "I don't think it would be doing wrong. It is not like having out boatmen on the Sunday. We are here at any rate, and to be sure the motion would be very easy, and the Broad air good for Lizzie. Would you like it, Lizzie, or would you be frightened?"

"Not when Dick is here," said Lizzie, without dreaming of equivocating with regard to her supreme trust in Dick, "though it weren't your notion, Dick, you be minded to go, bean't you?" She put it in an undertone, only anxious to hear and meet Dick's views on the matter.

The pony and cart were fastened securely to the boat-pole, and the pony put on honour by getting the rank grassy margin of the reeds on which to whet its afternoon hunger. The men got afloat in Tim Burford's boat, which he kept conveniently for any custom that might arise at the more solitary end of the Broad. Dick lifted Lizzie kindly, and deposited her first, and with every precaution, on one of the seats. The movement was still more to his credit because it left Joel Wray free to help Pleasance, but she needed little aid save the touch of the tips of her fingers to steady her as she sprang into the boat.

There was only one pair of oars, and the men took an oar apiece — Joel, who somehow had the ordering of the boat, announcing that there was no steering required on a great mill-pond like this Broad.

The boat shot out from the shore; and Pleasance, who had actually never been in a boat either on the Broad or any other sheet of water before, took in the whole surroundings with a satisfaction approaching that of Lizzie Blennerhasset's. She, sitting at Dick's side and looking up in his face, was as happy as she believed she could ever be, and with undisguised and scarcely stinted happiness, though she felt that his eyes roamed past her in order to rest on Pleasance Hatton.

The sky was all covered with little, dappled grey-white clouds, not so close set but that the pale blue could be seen between them. The clouds looked soft as the down on a young swan's breast; and the sunlight which was behind them, together with the blending of the blue and the grey, gave to the whole a delicate dove's-neck tint that was transferred to the water, though there was not depth of cloud or sufficient light to reflect the clouds in the water, only where they were nearest the sun and pierced by its rays, so as to be silvered into a snowy whiteness, they threw a dim glory over that portion of the Broad.

Pleasance looked round on the little company, of which she formed one, moving with a motion as elysian as everything else on the Broad, which had become an enchanted lake for the occasion. She could not see herself, but she almost

thought that the others were enchanted too, touched at least with the full radiance of their youth which was then revealed.

There sat Dick with his magnificent proportions set off as he threw out his broad chest, worked his sinewy arms, and flung back a head massive as a Jupiter's to look behind him; while Joel Wray, slim but athletic, did his spurt of rowing with what to Pleasance's utterly uninitiated eyes was marvellous ease and grace, and smiled back at her out of the black eyes in the animated brown face.

As for Lizzie, her small white face and flower-like blue eyes — which were similar to yet different from Dick's steel-blue eyes — were all refined by suffering and by a love so great that, however it might end, it had in its present self-abnegation something of the attributes of the worship of a saint, or of a higher worship still. That love lent to the worshipper a serenity which is rarely bestowed by earthly passion. And the peace and blessedness of being in company with and cared for by Dick raised Lizzie's type to its highest perfection.

It did not detract much, though it took a little, from Dick and Lizzie's looks that they were in holiday dress: Dick in that treasured cloth coat and figured waistcoat in which, if the poor fellow had only known it, Pleasance always felt that he looked his worst, because least at home and most out of keeping; Lizzie in that flutter of flounced French mousseline-de-laine and Swiss bodice, of a different colour from the skirt, which formed the chief advertisement of her calling, "like a pattern card," Pleasance could not help saying, "with the poor soul lame and sickly, so that one grudges her the trouble, not only of making but of putting on such a dress."

Doubtless because Pleasance was a class convert, or pervert, she was so staunch a working-woman that she would make very little difference, and that never out of her adopted line of life, in her better clothes. She would have her calicot gowns of a finer quality, as well as fresh and clean, for Sunday, and she would go the length of a straw bonnet with white ribbons; but she went no farther, either in material or making. Joel Wray, too (it might be because in his tramping the country he was in a transition state), had nothing smarter than a suit of clean working-clothes, in which he had been to church that morning, unabashed by any question of fit attire.

The party were in apparent, nay, for the moment, in real harmony, whatever soreness and rebellion of heart were crushed down. Long Dick had responded to Joel Wray's appeal, powerfully seconded as it had been by his service to Dick, that the two should prove friendly in being fair foes.

"Look here, Long Dick," Joel had said, again forcibly in gladly acknowledging Dick's submission to Joel's advances, "no woman in the world, not Pleasance Hatton, without equal as we think her, is worth two honest men who might be faithful mates, and do a world of good to each other, quarrelling; and Pleasance, being a good woman, would be the last to wish us to quarrel. You desire to meet Pleasance's wishes, don't you? I am sure I do."

It was a new light on the question to Dick, but it was not too late to receive it; and though it was difficult for a man like him to get fresh illumination on any point, he had one advantage — not unfrequently possessed as compensation by heavy, unscholarly men — that once got he retained every glimmer, and did not let it go again the next moment.

Lizzie had, of course, been greatly touched in her previous hostility and scorn of Joel Wray, by what he had done for Long Dick, though in her secret mind she had been convinced that the doing had not all been Joel's, that, on the contrary, Dick had helped to the extent of lending a hand to Joel Wray, to deliver Dick's self. Still, Lizzie had been moved to say to Joel Wray, "Me and all Dick's friends, mind, are beholden to you to the last day of our lives;" and although she thought no more of him, in Dick's company she was in perfect amity with the other lad.

Joel was discussing with Pleasance and Long Dick such Broad birds as came within sight of them, and in place of being instructed by his friends, it so happened that he was giving them instruction as to the tokens and habitat of such birds as the golden plover, "with its bronze and buttercup tinge," and that belonged of rights to the fens; the snipe, with "its beautiful mottled velvet," which Long Dick and Pleasance called, according to its melancholy cry, the "pewit;" the wild ducks, "with green on their neck, like salt-water pools in frosty weather;" the little quail, "that people might see running along and pecking the chickweed among the stubble;" the carlew and the widgeon, which hailed from Cheam and the sea;

the red shanks; together with other birds which migrated in winter from Scotland and Denmark and Norway.

"Hullo! you be more up to them birds than we, who are to the place born," said Long Dick with considerable mortification. "How do a town mechanic come by such acquaintance? He don't get it all out o' books, do he? It seems as though you 'a sat and watched at times, and had a shot at the creatures, as well as I."

"I told you that I was part country-bred," said Joel quietly. "I have watched and had a shot at the birds, and, if Pleasance and Lizzie will forgive me, I wish this were not Sunday, and we had a gun apiece, and could take a pop at that flight. There are birds, and to spare, about the Broad, Pleasance; there would only be more food for those that remain, and you should have specimens to stuff, and get wings for your hats."

"I would much rather have the live birds than the stuffed specimens, thank you, Joel," said Pleasance, "even if I could get the dead birds stuffed, and I should not think of wearing a bird's wing in a hat."

"I 'ould if I could get the chance," said Lizzie. "A bird's wing in a hat is just smart and stylish; but you do be so fond o' goin' dowdy, Pleasance."

"I know I ain't smart enough even for Mrs. Balls; but the fault is in my taste. I don't go dowdy as a penance. You know something of tame birds, too," she hastened to add, turning to Joel, and instinctively stopping a compliment which she read in both the men's eyes. ("Though it was Lizzie that brought it on," she reflected, a little annoyed, "I would never have spoken of my own accord of dressing plainly, as if I wanted Long Dick and Joel to say that I dressed well enough for my station, or that I became what I did wear; I should be ashamed and angry if either of them said that.") "I have seen you looking at our cocks and hens," she continued aloud, "and you told me that we had not the best Dorkings, but that our Spanish fowls were good."

"Yes," admitted Joel quickly. "I know something of poultry; I have rather a taste for the subject; indeed," he added with greater frankness, "I think I know a good deal about farm stock, for a town fellow, Long Dick; though I was a tyro, a raw hand at the hoeing, yon beastly cold spring morning when I first turned out among you in the thirty-acre, and I was not much better when I began to shear in

the harvest row, though I made a good beginning. I did well then," he finished, with a bright look at Pleasance, reminding her of all the day had been to them, and of the harvest that had sprung up for them, apart from the grain which they had cut side by side.

Whether Dick intercepted the look, or was simply exasperated by the lad's conceit, he put him down a little with dryness, in the following speech:—

"I dessay you do know 'a B from a bull's foot,' which may be summat for a Lunnon mechanic; but as to cow-ill, and hoss's bats, and sheep's staggers, and swallin' on clover, and killin' a bullock, when the butcher ain't at hand, I guess you'd find yoursen from home, my lad."

"Oh, I don't pretend to be a man of skill and an accomplished farrier like you, Long Dick," said Joel with his pleasant good-humour and humility, which ran side by side with, and counterbalanced what sounded like egotism and arrogance; "and I was going to tell you one reason why I came to know what I do about a farm. My father came from the north of England, whereas I understand his people were of Scotch extraction. Any way, my grandfather had a small farm in a Cumbrian dale, and my grandmother used to drive to Penrith market, in just such another cart as you were driving, Pleasance, with her butter and eggs and cheese for sale. My father, though he left home betimes, and took to another calling, remembered his boyish days quite well, and was fond of speaking of the thrifty, wholesome place, and of the animals he had helped to herd as a boy, to me and my sister Jane when we were children."

"You mun 'a fallen down in the world," said Long Dick, simply, without the least idea of giving pain or offence, merely as an appropriate remark.

"Well, we have changed," said Joel, "whether in a fall or a rise. You must remember these north-country farms were very poor affairs, and my father left his father's house to work as a factory hand; I suppose I take after him, in retaining a strong liking for all that belongs to agriculture, though I have been more familiar with mechanics and manufactures."

"I take it you 'a been," said Dick; "for you d' be fit for nowt save odd jobs, though I ain't, any ways, denyin' you be both clever on a farm and willin', and no doubt you do earn your man's wages at your proper work, if you can make no more'n your salt here."

"I am glad you are a little merciful,

Dick," said Joel; while Pleasance judged indignantly, without making allowance for Dick's bluntness, that he was hard upon Joel, who bore the hardness so well, that, in place of her firing up for him, something like tears came into her eyes as she looked another way, because of the gentleness of the young fellow, who, she was sure, was the cleverest as well as the bravest working-man in the world.

"Ain't it kind o' queer," said Lizzie Blennerhasset, breaking a pause, "that we should be sailin' in one boat? I mean Dick as saved I from the fire, and Joel Wray as saved Dick from the water, all here together."

"But nobody saved me," said Pleasance lightly, "and I have saved nobody. I don't seem to belong to the rest of you."

"Nay—" said Dick, stopping short.

"There's a good time coming," said Joel impetuously; but both of the men respected the girl, and did not push the denial farther in that company.

"I suppose it would be better still, for those who are not afraid or ill, to be rocking on the salt sea," said Pleasance. "I can but get a glimpse of the sea when I go to Cheam, either with or for Mrs. Balls. It tantalizes me a little, for I have just a moment to run down to the beach, where it is always crowded, to hear the roar of the waves, and see their foam, and smell them in the breeze, and to pick up and bring away a shell like a child, when it is time to go."

"Wool," said Dick, breathing hard, and pondering a great idea which had come into his mind, "week in, week out, I 'a not had a full holiday this year, and work's slack, and Toosday week be Applethorpe fair, as all the farm hands is free to attend. I could go with you and Lizzie to Cheam for the day, and Joel might come likewise, if he were so minded," finished Long Dick, with a mighty effort at magnanimity, culminating in a gusty sigh, that subsided into a sound which was half a grunt, half a groan.

"Oh, how nice!" cried both the girls.

"All right; a capital thought!" cried Joel.

"Owd granny 'ould be greatly pleased to see us," said Lizzie, "and 'ould do the best her could for us in her little room."

"As for that, Joel and I 'ould get what we wanted at the Ship Ahoy, and not trouble owd granny," amended Dick; "but we should 'a hours to spend on the sands. We might go as far as the Beacon, and 'ave a real sea sail, besides seein' what were to be seen in the big town."



CHAPTER XVII.  
TO SEE THE SEA.

THE project was put into execution, much as it had been planned, only with a decided improvement. As the season was so slack for farm work it could be managed that the little party should drive over the night before, find quarters—the girls at “owd granny’s,” the men at the Ship Ahoy, and have a clear day before them—or at least till late in the afternoon, when they must start again for home—for their enjoyment of the sea and of the big town.

The market cart and pony were held sufficient for the party’s needs, since these well-fed, hardy, market ponies were accustomed to convey loads, human as well as vegetable, and since Long Dick, and Joel, and Pleasance also, would alight to walk up every hill rather than that their beast should be overstrained.

The day was not so softly sunshiny as on the previous Sunday, it was a little bleak, with a slightly scouring wind, as even early autumn days, when the wind was several points east, were apt to be in that region. But it was fair, which was a great gain, and promised to be fair, according to the weather-glass, and to Long Dick, who, from long and close observation in the fields, was a weather-glass in himself.

Pleasance consoled herself for the dullness and coldness of the weather with the thought that it would not be dull on the sea with that little gale which would bring out the sea-horses, and Pleasance desired earnestly to see them with their manes in full toss, and forgot for the moment how hard it might be to ride them in that case.

The occupants of the cart enjoyed the peculiar exhilaration which belongs alone by inalienable right to working men and women out for a holiday, as on the Monday afternoon they started from the manor-farm door. Mrs. Balls insisted on supplying them with provisions, cold meat-pies, and baskets with bottles of ale, and cider, and elderberry wine, as if they were to camp out irrespective of “owd granny” and the Ship Ahoy. She called after them directions and advices, shading her eyes, though there was no sun, to look after them, and returning into the house when they were gone, shaking her head because of the intrusion of Joel Wray into the picture—not that she had aught to say against the young man, save that he was a wandering Jew, and a stuck mechanic, and if Pleasance would throw herself away on him, why Pleasance was

woman-grown, worked for herself, and must please herself. Mrs. Balls did not think for a moment that Pleasance would desert her old cousin, for Pleasance was good, and only too unworldly, but everything would have settled itself so “comfortably” if Long Dick had remained the only man in the scene, and had been promoted to be under bailiff, and Pleasance had married him, and wife and husband and Mrs. Balls had stayed on managing the cattle and making the cheese on the manor farm.

Pleasance had voluntarily resigned the reins to Joel Wray, for though it had been understood at first that Long Dick was to drive, when he chanced to bid Joel hold the pony till Long Dick got in after their first walk up hill, Joel handled what he called the “ribbons” so neatly—as he did many things—and with such manifest relish, that Long Dick, who was no churl, permitted Joel to please himself by doing the driving that was no novelty to Dick.

Pleasance and Lizzie sat behind, and told each other that it was a treat to have a little spell of sitting still with their hands in their laps. (“Just a very little spell,” Pleasance put in parenthesis, because it would soon pall, and what is a delight for a change would be irksome for a continuance.) And it was a greater treat to be driven along a country highroad by friends in order to command a whole holiday next day.

The approach to Cheam was heralded by ships’ masts on the horizon, and by the white steam-wreath, rattle, and whistle of a railway. Still nearer there were poles with fishers’ nets drying, and donkey-carts with fish—allowing Pleasance opportunities to pity the poor “Dickies,” and to long to have one to make something more of him, and there were fishy odours reminding the travellers that Cheam had its extensive fishery as well as its seaport trade.

The entrance to the town was across a bridge, spanning a river so near its mouth, that ships of a fair number of tons burden sailed up beyond the bridge. It was so contrived and worked by machinery that, in the anticipation of a ship’s passage, the bridge divided in the middle, and the two halves were reared aloft by cranes, leaving an open channel for the vessel to sail through. In the mean time, carriage, horse, and foot passengers were fenced off by two chains, and stood gathering as they stood, regarding with what philosophy they might, the yawning watery chasm, and the ship gliding over it, till



the leaves of the bridge descended and closed on the ship's rear, and there was again a solid way for landsmen.

Pleasance had often seen and watched with interest this process—from the last curricule and foot-passenger that darted across when the chains rattled down, and the bridge itself quivered and began to split—to its lumbering, creaking divergence and upheaval to let, what looked by comparison the tranquil graceful ship, sometimes a yacht or barge, sweep by—on to the moment when the bridge was reconstructed, and a rush of the impeded crowd of horse and foot clattered simultaneously over its wooden highway, with a speed that seemed seeking to make up for lost time, and bidding the devil take the hindmost.

Such an obstruction and delay occurred as the market-cart, driven by Joel Wray, came up to the river. The party formed, a little cluster in the crowd that had to pause and readjust itself for crossing the bridge. There were a carriage and pair with ladies and gentlemen inside, a cab or two, carrying railway travellers, as well as a score or more of foot-passengers, bidding their turn. The carriage with its couple of horses sought to take the precedence, but while the cabs gave way, Joel resisted the movement, and, whipping up the pony, sent the market-cart with a dash that was not without danger, flying first, to the disturbance and discomfort of some of the party in the cart, as well as of the carriage company behind them.

"What did you do that for?" cried Dick, angrily, "you hadn't ought to do that; if I had known, I should not 'a trusted you to drive—not over the bridge leastways. That be Sir Frederick, Lawyer Lockwood's master, no less, and his company. Cheam folks beant over particular, as you may find to your cost, for they will dig their elbows into your sides, and knock you out on the way of their business, if you stand about, be you man or gentleman, gal or lady, and think no more on it, than if you were so many sheep or calves, and if you flare up and show your fists, they will square back and knock you down, or be knocked down theirsens as easy as you say 'Jack Robinson.' But they beant so choke full on sarce and folly as to drive a market-cart right afore Sir Frederick's carriage, as you 'a thought fit to do. Dang it, lad, we may lose our places for this piece of cheek, if so be it comes to Lawyer Lockwood or bailiff's ears."

"I do not care who it was, unless it had

been the queen herself," said Joel, half hot, half sulky; "we had the place, they had no right to push by us and usurp the lead."

"If you dunno know the difference between right and might at your years, after working all your days, it is little wonder that you're out on a job and serving as a day's-man on a farm," said Long Dick, with a mixture of superior scorn and sincere commiseration.

But the discord did not last long; Joel Wray's heat and sulkiness, which was unlike his ordinary patience and graciousness, soon subsided, and he was more anxious than any one there to have his outbreak forgotten and to make up for it, by agreeing to everything that was proposed, and accommodating himself in the readiest and most cheerful manner to circumstances. Therefore the others consented to condone the inopportune offence, and to drive for his benefit through the market-place, which was well known to his companions.

It was not a market-day, as Long Dick and Lizzie, and even Pleasance, regretted feelingly, but the market-place was in itself a sight. Joel eagerly acknowledged its attractions—its free space between the old established busy shops, with quaint, little diamond-paned bow-windows, and its venerable flint-built, stone-roofed church at one end. When the stalls were full and a concourse of country and town people chaffering together, Joel was convinced that it would be as fine and exhilarating a sight as Pleasance told him it was.

From the market-place they drove to the principal quay, which had a line of what had once been Cheam merchants' roomy, substantial houses, as well as warehouses, with a row of elm-trees between the houses and the water, and underneath the trees large ships lying loading and unloading.

"It is like Rotterdam," said Joel.

"I h'ain't tackled Rotterdam any more than Lunnon," said Dick, "be it Lunnon ways?"

"A little beyond, as I have heard," said Joel.

From the quay the market-cart, with Lizzie in it, was led up two or three streets, after the others had alighted to walk, for the town ran with a steep ascent to the exposed height from which it looked over the German Ocean—limitless as far as the eye could follow. Down the lanes which were abrupt declivities, but which were not the ancient, narrow, yet populous, "rows" of another east-

country town, the party had little glimpses of the sea which they had come to visit, and Pleasance hailed it with a breast heaving in sympathy with the heave of that sea whose vastness, and might, and mystery, its ceaseless murmur and its tragic depths, appeal so irresistibly to all unviated imaginations. It was a grey-green sea that day, just flecked with cold curls of white, beneath a slaty-grey sky; the very ships which appeared on the horizon were blue-black ships relieved on the lighter grey background.

Poor Lizzie was so fatigued by the drive as to be able to do no more than go to granny's, and prove the judiciousness of her having secured a night's rest after the journey, before the more deliberate and prolonged sight-seeing of the morrow.

Accordingly, the young men contented themselves with taking the girls to their destination, and resisting granny's clamorously-piped hospitality, betook themselves to the Ship Ahoy, and their own resources for the rest of the day, on the strict understanding that all should be up and ready and meet to go abroad early next morning.

Granny's house was but a couple of thatch-roofed, well-stuffed rooms, at the head of a lane, in a house whose bulging walls, projecting second story, and lattice windows, showed a very respectable antiquity of its own.

But though granny's accommodation was limited, it was not poverty-stricken, neither was she in indigent circumstances for her station. Her husband had been a successful fisher and owner of several boats, who had escaped shipwreck, died in his bed, and left her perfectly independent of her daughter, Mrs. Blennerhasset, or any other children that she had borne him.

Granny herself was a dried-fish of an old woman, in a blue flannel gown, like a bit of a sailor's jacket, while she wore heavy gold rings on several of her skinny fingers. Her whole heart was still in the exciting records of the sea and the fishing, and her great regret was that none of her sons had taken to the sea, or her daughters married fishermen or sailors. "Thee has turned thee's backs on the sea," she reminded Lizzie reproachfully in the same breath with her welcome, "though it were a good sea to thee and thee'n; thee's a parcel on land lubbers, as I am fair ashamed on, even Clem as were half reared here, d' find no good in fish save to eat."

At the same time she was glad to see

her visitors, and to show Pleasance granny's seaport treasures of shells and coral, seaweed and stuffed sea-birds, with which the best room was decorated, and to find in the young women attentive listeners to her full report of the fortunes of the year's fishing. She cared little for hearing news of Saxford, where her daughter had married that magnate, the smith. He was no magnate to "owd granny"—what warfare with winds and waves did he maintain? For how many nights, and days like nights, had he not been heard of, lying with tightly-furled sails rising and sinking on the crests and in the troughs of the billows? Or when did he return in triumph with the waves, and winds beaten into his humble servants, and his gunwale weighed down to the water's edge with a freight of fish which filled his purse at one take, and gave plenty to his house for many months? The poorest fisher-lad on the beach, the smallest cabin-boy, had the making of a greater man in him to owd granny, in her fervent loyalty to the sea and its spoil, and to those who went down to take it, than Smith Blennerhasset or Host Morse or Long Dick, all put together.

"Has she never lost any friend by the sea?" asked Pleasance of Lizzie, when the old woman had left the room for a moment, after she had poured forth her details of bait and lines and weather, of lucky and unlucky boats, of the first tail of a herring on the coast, and the apprehended arrival of the mackerel, with those necessary but duller adjuncts of sales and prices.

"Mor, yes," said Lizzie. "She lost two on her sons, and her father and his sons; but she thinks them were well bestowed, and met an honourable death. Still, she ain't a bad granny, though her head do be carried by that howling, moaning sea, that atween you and me I cannot a-bear, Pleasance, though I 'a come so far to see it, for a change. It is a pleasure to please Long Dick and you, as well as get an outing mysen, so you need think no more on my words. As for granny, she paid the sea hard enough service in her day, for she were fisher-born as well as fisher-wed, and she carried a heavy basket strapped on her shoulthers, and tramped miles on miles—afore her man, my grandad, saved money, or carts and railways were so thick—many's the day. You wunno be afearred, Pleasance, and wanting to run for help to the lads at the Ship Ahoy," continued Lizzie, smiling, "if you hear granny's voice raging like a

kiln, and blackguarding right and left a neighbour or a message-lad afore we are out on our beds the morrow morning. It's a ill-convenient trick she learnt when her were a fish-wife. She beant a bad body, take her on the right side. She were a good wife and mother, and she were rare kind to Clem and me, when he were at his schoolin' and I were at my quarter's dress-makin' — though, mind you, she thought we was dirt aneath the fisher-folk's feet all the time."

Pleasance promised not to be frightened, and declared sincerely it was refreshing and humbling at once to be with granny, and find all Saxford and its affairs sink into insignificance before the interest of cockler or shrimp.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## CHEAM DENE AND THE BEACON ROCK.

PLEASANCE had not the chance of getting her nerves tried by granny's bad habit of scolding, for the reason that they were tried in another fashion. Granny's once powerful voice, broken and passed into an ear-piercing treble, was utterly drowned in the gale which had risen through the night, and wakened both girls betimes with its sustained roar, just rising above the howl heave and hoarse dash of the sea, and the rattle of the sand and the small shingle which the wind carried with it and threw against every obstacle.

Pleasance listened for a while with a kind of awed eagerness, while Lizzie was bewailing the destruction of their scheme.

Pleasance had wished to see the sea rising in angry answer to the wind, and here were they in the full chorus of their fury; but what hapless human beings might not be exposed to the elementary war? and what terrible, pitiful wrecks might not lie behind the poor little disappointment which Lizzie, seeing nothing beyond Long Dick and his holiday, was lamenting with persistent weakness?

As Pleasance lay and thought, almost fearing to get up, a sudden rush of feet and tongues in the lane without added to the turmoil, into which there came also another sound heard distinctly, apart from every other noise, at short intervals — a succession of faint but sharp reports, which, if Pleasance could have attended to the token, and known its terrible import, she would have recognized as the reverberations of a gun fired from some vessel as it neared the shore.

In another moment granny burst into the room, with a shawl tied over her cap

and disordered grey hair, proving that hard as it must be for the young and strong to keep their feet abroad on such a morning, the old woman of fourscore had been out hailing the crowd, and learning from them the last event at the sea. She made her voice heard by Pleasance and Lizzie at last, for she screamed into their ears, —

"Thee mun rise; thee dunno know what is in store for thee. There be no slug-a-beds in Cheam this morning. I 'a seen the day I 'ould a been at the Beacon with the best, but now I'm owd and frail; but I'll warrant I'll win as far as Neddy Hughes's look-out. Be'st thee not ashamed to be startin' up and gapin' there, when if thee be'st not quick the'll lose the grandest sight that has been seen at Cheam since the "Betsy," with Indy tea and chiney, grounded, afore the days of life-boats. There be a Norrway brig runnin' on the Beacon Rock itsen, in the Gannet Bay, where not the best life-boat that were ever launched 'ould live for five minutes."

If anything were wanted to give force to the statement, there was a strange ring of wild, passionate anticipation in the old woman's shrill voice, which sounded like horrible pleasure, and made Pleasance shudder, and recall her schoolgirl lessons of the old Roman women flocking out to view the death-struggles of the gladiators.

By the time Pleasance and Lizzie were dressed, Long Dick and Joel Wray came hurrying in, the latter especially in a state of suppressed excitement. They had already been in the direction of the Beacon Rock, to which it was feared the foreign vessel that had missed or mistaken the beacon light in the wild hurly-burly of the gale which had risen since midnight was surely tending.

The men had simply repaired to granny's to report themselves before they returned to the scene of excitement.

Long Dick was inclined to tarry a moment, and to lament, like Lizzie, the spoiling of the day's pleasure; but either a day's pleasure was of less moment to Joel, or he had a livelier imagination with which to put himself in the place of the men in the Norwegian vessel that was still beating and battling desperately to get out of the Gannet Bay, and especially to keep off the reef.

Joel was wild to get back, where a crowd of townspeople was already thronging to do what could be done, and look on when there was nothing left to do. He even forgot to ask Pleasance if she would like

to accompany them, so that it was left to granny to suggest the movement.

As for Lizzie, it was simply out of the question that she could venture to limp across the threshold, even to reach granny's friend's look-out, or to visit her old mistress in dressmaking and get the last spring's fashions, which had been one of Lizzie's objects in her trip to the seaside.

When Pleasance followed the men into the street, she found to her wonder that the very light was darkened. It had not been for the most part the smallness of granny's window-panes, or the thickness of their yellow-green glass which had produced the semi-obscurity within the house on this new day. There was such a driving wrack of spray and sand from the sea that the air in its high commotion was rendered thick, heavy, and dusk, while as it struck against Pleasance's cheek it wet and stung her like a sharp hail-shower.

She was young and strong, so that she could keep her feet in comparative shelter, and when she turned the corner of the lane and encountered the swirl, or came upon the gust rushing up from other lanes, the men at each side took hold of her arms and helped her to preserve her balance and her breath. She could not attempt to speak, neither could she have heard her own or another's voice in the deafening uproar, which never ceased, and hardly lulled for a few seconds.

Pleasance and her companions were not alone in the storm-soured street; plenty of Cheam people were abroad, and it seemed that they were all actuated by one motive and bound for one end. Sailors rolled along in the teeth of the wind, with their sou'westers sticking on as if by a miracle; fishers strode forward in their long boots; and porters from the quays and much-blown shopkeepers joined the rout, with the never-failing contingent of women — not many of them so well-supported as Pleasance — and boys willing to be blown away rather than lose an adventure. Pleasance was reminded by the independent pushing and striving of the pedestrians, and the coolness with which each jostled another, and took advantage when he could, regardless of surly protest, of what Long Dick had said of the easy manners of Cheam — which she had known dimly reflected in Saxford — in the rudeness and disposition to turbulence of the generally well-to-do fishing and seafaring world.

As Pleasance struggled along she could see carefully-tended gardens, which had been bright with late summer flowers the

day before, now presenting neither blossom nor leaf as they lay buried under a waste of sand, such as accumulated many feet in winter, leaving the grass-plots and flower-beds to be dug out afresh every spring.

When she came in sight of the beach, it too was undergoing a complete change. The drift there was rising like smoke, and obliterating for the time all the ordinary traces. The boats were either removed from their usual moorings, and drawn up high and dry beyond the risk of being sucked down by the tide, and wrenched from their fastenings; or they had already broken loose, and were knocking about in aimless emptiness, undirected by oar or rudder, on the boiling, seething flood. The grey-green waves of the sea were all flecked with white patches, gleaming ghastly against the lurid red that since sunrise had streamed across the dark field of the sky, with its huge banks of lowering cloud-vapour.

The Beacon Rock was nearly a quarter of a mile from the town, and was divided from it by Cheam Dene, a stretch of waste, sandy land, held together by bent grass, here and there, in the summer season, of a pale yellow colour from a luxuriant growth of horn-poppies, which, higher up, passed into the gold of furze and the red of ling. The Cheam Dene was of such an extent that Long Dick had once seen a detachment of soldiers — whose inland barracks were in the process of thorough cleaning — encamped there for a week. The soldiers had belonged to a cavalry regiment, and their fine horses had been gathered into a group, and were standing in the centre, with the tents pitched around and the stalwart figures of the men in undress lying cleaning their accoutrements and entertaining their visitors in an outer ring, forming a whole, which would have served to remind Pleasance of a scene from "Jeanne d'Arc," or any other military drama of the Middle Ages. But that encampment had happened in true summer weather, when sea and sky were alike blue, and the former was so still that the trickle of a natural spring of fresh water high up in the Dene could be heard distinct from the low ripple and splash of the wavelets down on the sands below.

But the Cheam Dene showed another sight, lashed by the fierce September storm which was casting the vessel, believed to be the "Christian," laden with bark from Bergen, upon the Beacon Rock, that, with its tall iron watch-tower — fruitless in this case — lay just beyond. Yet

if the furze-covered bank into which Cheam Dene merged, and which, in its turn merged into the height on which the higher portion of the town was built, had not partially sheltered the ground on this occasion, no such roused crowd as Pleasance found there could have gathered together, and kept their places and found their voices, in a breathless watch, awaiting the fate of the doomed vessel.

It was hopelessly doomed, and there was little left for the people on the shore to do — unless it were to shout directions in a strange tongue, which the noise of the wind and waves alone would have prevented the shipwrecked men from distinguishing — save to stand and look at the cruel destruction and death that awaited the strange ship and its crew.

The one spot on the whole wide sandy Cheam beach, where no assistance could be rendered to the wrecks, which were not unfrequent there, as all Cheam boatmen well knew, was this Gannet Bay.

The whole of the bay was thick set with jagged rocks, rising like the spears and knives in the pits dug in old-world warfare, to entangle and pierce without mercy the assailants who advanced against the enemy drawn up in line of battle; and with such a sea as this leaping, spouting, and churned into foam around the rocks, granny had spoken the bare truth when she had said that no boat could live five minutes, while the life-boat which the town possessed, and which the townsmen were not slow to use on ordinary occasions, was utterly useless.

Thus it came that the men of Cheam, who, whatever were their faults, were no cowards, and who were peculiarly alive to the danger and the suffering involved in a calamity like the present, stood massed together for protection against the blast, inactive, except in bootless gesticulations or in muttered remarks from the men and groans and sighs from the women. They peered through the wrack at the hazy, vibrating outline of the bare poles and half-submerged deck of the vessel, with the figures still working her until she completed the first stage of her ruin. After rushing on, in spite of closely-reefed sails, staggering through the vortex, and giving one bound greater than any she had yet taken, she remained fixed, and quivering to the accompaniment of involuntary, shrinking, appalled cries from the Cheam crowd.

"She's on the rock; she's strook fast, and no mistake. God A'mighty help them! for the question now is nowt but how long'll her sticks hang together."

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But the poor foreigners, in their extremity, knowing nothing of the nature of the coast, were unaware of the impossibility of a rescue. They distinguished through the mist of spray and sand the crowd on the Dene, not so far removed from them even as the crowd descried them, and relinquishing their vain task, clustered about the stern of the vessel. They made an eager appeal to their brethren safe on shore to venture something for their aid. Using one of their few English words, the Norwegians raised a simultaneous shout, loud enough to rise above the turmoil, of "Boat, boat!" where no boat could reach them.

The piteousness of the foreigners' fervent cry, which could meet with no rejoinder, went to the stout hearts of the bystanders, and drew from them deeper groans and more unequivocal expressions of sympathy. "Poor souls, an' we could do summat! But it 'ould be a clean waste on life, and temptation on Providence." "It is your turn the day; it may be ourn the morrer. But we can do nowt; our hands d' be tied." "Leastways our boats 'ould be stove in, and crushed like so many egg-shells afore we could get within arm's length on you," were passed around in short, jerked-out sentences, while men, who were helpless to help, and who could move to no purpose, stirred restlessly to relieve their own pain, and women wrung their hands and began to sob aloud.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MRS. THRALE: THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II. — 1780-1821.

SUCH was the little Welshwoman's first reception of her future husband, and her friends and foes remembered it long afterwards. It was not, however, until August 1780, and then at Brighton, that she made Signor Piozzi's acquaintance.

Brighton was dull enough for her that season. Dr. Johnson was in hot, empty London, dining at Sir Joshua's with Mrs. Cholmondeley, busy with his "Lives," and writing letters to Mrs. Thrale. "I stay at home to work," he told her, "and yet do not work diligently; nor can I tell when I shall have done, nor perhaps does anybody but myself wish me to have done; for what can they hope I shall do better? Yet I wish the work was over and I was at liberty. And what would I do if I was



at liberty? Would I go to Mrs. Aston and Mrs. Porter, and all the old places, and sigh to find that my old friends are gone? Would I recall plans of life which I never brought into practice, and hopes of excellence which I once presumed and never have attained? Would I compare what I now am with what I once expected to have been?" And he adds: "If you please, madam, we will have an end of this, and contrive some other wishes. I wish I had you in an evening, and I wish I had you in a morning; and I wish I could have a little talk, and see a little frolick. For all this I must stay; but life will not stay." Miss Burney was also in London, drinking tea in Bolt Court, calling upon Sophy, and picking up gossip among her high friends about Lord George Gordon, who was now safe in the Tower. The prim little worldling would, in spite of her airs, be fine company now at Brighton. "My master," Mrs. Thrale writes to her, "is gone out riding, and we are to drink tea with Lady Rothes; after which the Steyne hours begin, and we cluster round Thomas's shop and contend for the attention of Lord John Clinton, a man who could, I think, be of consequence in no other place upon earth, though a very well-informed and modest-mannered boy. Dr. Pepys is resolutely and profoundly silent; and Lady Shelley, having heard wits commended, has taken up a new character, and says not only the severest, but the cruellest things you ever heard in your life. Here is a Mrs. K——, too, sister to the Duchess of M——, who is very uncompanionable indeed, and talks of *Tumbridge*. These, however, are all the people we ever speak to—oh, yes, the Drummonds, but they are scarce blest with utterance." But, while she complains of mere tedium, her heart is heavy with a sense of coming evil. Another Parliamentary election is pending, while her husband's health causes her hourly anxiety for his life; her letters to Johnson are few and far between, and with but little "frolick" in them. The philosopher grows captious. "I hope," he wrote, "you have no design of stealing away to Italy before the election, nor of leaving me behind you, though I am not only seventy, but seventy-one. Could you not let me lose a year in round numbers? Sweetly, sweetly sings Dr. Swift:

Some dire misfortune to portend,  
No enemy can match a friend.

But what if I am seventy-two? I remember Sulpitius says of Saint Martin (now

that's above your reading), '*Est animus victor annorum et senectuti cedere nescius.*' Match me this among your young folks! If you try to plague me, I shall tell you that, according to Galen, life begins to decline from *thirty-five*." And again, in still more irritable mood: "You write of late very seldom. I wish you would write upon *subjects*; anything to keep me alive. You have your beaux and your flatterers, and here am poor I, forced to flatter myself; and any good of myself I am not very easy to believe, so that I really live but a sorry life. What shall I do with Lyttelton's life? I can make a short life and conclude. Why did not you like Collins, and Gay, and Blackmore, as well as Akenside?" The lady takes up her pen at last, and can write brilliantly enough when she chooses, and whet his appetite for more. She has been reading his last "*Lives*," and has some piquant criticism for each of them. Then:—"And now, if you call this flattery, I can leave off in a minute without bidding; for, since you *lions* have no skill in dandling the kid, we *kids* can expect but rough returns for caresses bestowed upon our haughty monarch. So be diligent, dear sir, and have done with these men that have been buried these hundred years, and don't sit making verses that never will be written; but sit down steadily and finish their lives who *did* do something. And then, think a little about mine, which has not been a happy one, for all you tease me so concerning the pleasures I enjoy, and the flattery I receive, all which has nothing to do with comfort for the present distress; and sometimes I am angry when I read such stuff."

It was about the time when these letters were travelling to and fro between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale that, walking with Queeney early one morning on the cliff at Brighton, Mrs. Thrale saw Piozzi standing at the library door, and accosted him in Italian. Her impromptu proposal that he should give Miss Thrale a lesson or two was on that occasion coldly declined. He had come to Brighton for his health, was composing some music, and lived in great retirement. He did not remember her, in fact; and the ladies continued their walk, disappointedly. On their way home, passing again the library door, Piozzi, no doubt instructed in the mean time by the gossiping librarian, started out of the shop, apologized for not knowing Mrs. Thrale before, and protested his readiness to obey her commands. And so their acquaintance began. In her diary occur the fol-

lowing jottings:—"Brighton, July, 1780. I have picked up Piozzi here, the great Italian singer. He is amazingly like my father: he shall teach Hester." And again:—"13th August, 1780. Piozzi is become a prodigious favourite with me. He is so intelligent a creature, so discerning, one can't help wishing for his good opinion; his singing surpasses everybody's for taste, tenderness, and true elegance; his hand on the *forte piano*, too, is so soft, so sweet, so delicate, every tone goes to the heart, I think, and fills the mind with emotions one would not be without, though inconvenient enough sometimes. He wants nothing from us; he comes for his health, he says; I see nothing all the man but pride."

Towards the close of this eventful August, soon after their return to London, Mr. Thrale was attacked with apoplexy. Sir Lucas Pepys, being with them at Brighton, had observed symptoms of danger in his patient, and had sent him home, not to Streatham, but to a furnished house in Grosvenor Square, to be within easy reach of himself. It was too late, however; the crisis came, and the brewer's life was saved only by bleeding him till he fainted. Once more Mrs. Thrale's energy for business is called into play. She is at the counting-house daily, chases a clerk who has absconded with money, discovers new ruinous speculations of her husband, and does her best to straighten matters around him. The election too is not far off. In March 1781 she writes to Johnson:—"I am willing to show myself in Southwark or in any place for my master's pleasure or advantage, but have no present conviction that to be re-elected would be advantageous, so shattered a state as his nerves are in just now. Do not you, however, fancy for a moment that I shrink from fatigue, or desire to escape from doing my duty. Spiting one's antagonist is a reason that never ought to operate, and never does operate with me. I care nothing about a rival candidate's innuendoes; I care only about my husband's health and fame; and, if we find that he earnestly wishes to be once more member for the Borough,—he *shall* be member, if anything done or suffered by me will help to make him so." The dying man, heavy half his time with apoplectic sleep, still made love to Sophy, and was intent on enjoying his life. Grosvenor Square was gayer than ever Streatham had been. "Yesterday," writes Mrs. Thrale, "I had a *conversazione*. Mrs. Montagu was brilliant in diamonds, solid in judgment, crit-

ical in talk. Sophy smiled, Piozzi sung, Pepys panted with admiration, Johnson was good-humoured, Lord John Clinton attentive, Dr. Bowdler lame, and my master not asleep. Mrs. Ord looked elegant, Lady Rothes dainty, Mrs. Davenant dapper, and Sir Philip's curls were all blown about by the wind. Mrs. Byron rejoices that her Admiral and I agree so well. The way to his heart is connoisseurship, it seems; and for a background and contour—who comes up to Mrs. Thrale, you know!"

On Sunday, April 1st, there were at dinner, at Grosvenor Square, Boswell, Johnson, Sir Philip Jennings Clark, M.P., and Mr. Perkins, the head clerk at the brewery. The talk was of the American war; and Johnson's "boisterous vivacity," says Boswell, "entertained us. Presently Mrs. Thrale chanced to praise highly a witty friend of her own. 'Nay, my dear lady,' replied Johnson, 'don't talk so,' and proceeded to turn her friend into ridicule, and to scold her for her habit of *blasting by praise*. 'Now there is Pepys' (Mr. Thrale's physician); 'you praised that man with such disproportion that I was incited to lessen him, perhaps more than he deserved. His blood is upon your head. By the same principle your malice defeats itself; for your censure is too violent. And yet,' looking to her," says Boswell, "with a leering smile, 'she is the first woman in the world could she but restrain that wicked tongue of hers; she would be the only woman could she but command that little whirligig.'" Mr. Perkins must have felt himself much edified by this discriminating censure of his master's wife, while Boswell, no doubt, strained every nerve to fix the delicious words upon his memory. But the end of it all was near. On April 4th, 1781, in the midst of preparations for a magnificent concert and supper, another sudden stroke of apoplexy ended poor Thrale's life, and ended too, in Dr. Johnson's life, its happiest episode.

When the brewer's will was read it was found that Mrs. Thrale had the interest of 50,000*l.* for her life, with Streatham Park and the town-house in the Borough—the Brighton house falling to the share of the daughters. The business might be carried on conjointly by Mrs. Thrale and the executors, among whom was Dr. Johnson, or sold for what it would bring. Dr. Johnson is said to have wished to keep on the brewery; but Mrs. Thrale was the better man of business of the two, and it was sold, in June 1781, for 135,000*l.* to

Mr. Barclay the Quaker, and her old friend Mr. Perkins, the head clerk; the dwelling-house in the Borough being thrown in at the last as a gift from Mrs. Thrale to Mrs. Perkins.

For fifteen years Johnson had called Streatham his home. The white house on the common had come to be dear and familiar to the old man beyond what he or the world knew; and he would willingly have continued a fixture there to his life's end. Any change was for him simple loss. His dear "mistress," saddened but not quite broken-hearted, with the pretty Queeney growing into womanhood at her side, and himself in her cosiest easy-chair, or presiding among the wits and notables at her sumptuous board:—this was the pleasant picture he had drawn for himself of what might still be. "Let us pray for one another," he had written to her in the early days of her widowhood; "when we meet, we may try what fidelity and tenderness will do for us." The sale of the brewery and subsequent retrenchments disturbed to a considerable degree the magnanimity of Johnson's sorrow. His dream-fabric tottered visibly. "The diminution of the estate, though unpleasant and unexpected, must," he said, "be borne, because it cannot be helped." He and she were to make good resolutions before they met, which on his side he hoped to keep; but such hopes are very deceitful, and "I would not willingly think the same of all hopes," he added, very ambiguously. From Lichfield, with poor dying Lucy Porter at his side, palsied Mrs. Aston, and other aged and ailing friends, he wrote to her:—"There is little of the sunshine of life, and my own health does not gladden me. But, to scatter the gloom, I went last night to the ball, where, you know, I can be happy even without you. On the ball, which was very gay, I looked a while, and went away." What dreams of the preposterously happy, what visions of far-off sunny Streatham, filled the old man's mind as he stood watching the dancers through dim half-closed eyes on that last night of October 1781, are not now to be recorded. The little widow's replies to his constant letters are sprightly and trim, with here and there a touch of filial tenderness, or of half-concealed pain, as when she says, "Come home, however, for 'tis dull living without you. . . . You are not happy away, and I fear I shall never be happy again in this world between one thing and another." Their reunion at the close of the year did not bring to either the com-

fort they expected. Signor Piozzi the singer, sent for by the queen of France, had also been absent, and was now also returned, "loaded with presents, honours, and emoluments." "When *he* comes, and *I* come," Johnson had said in one of his letters, "you will have two about you that love you; and I question if either of us heartily care how few more you have." The philosopher was already jealous; and still more so when Mrs. Thrale's pleasure in Piozzi's society increased day by day. To make matters more difficult, Johnson, now in his seventy-third year, was already sinking into an unhealthy old age. The huge frame was tortured by symptoms of asthma, dropsy, and other painful diseases, partly inherited, partly the result of unwholesome habits of living. His rich, full mind and big heart had as much of vitality as ever, or more; but the temper, never a gentle one, had become, to those who loved him most, captious, fretful, and extortionate. He had reached a period in his life when the most unfit companion for him in the world was a lady, herself weighed down with suffering and domestic anxiety, but with a spirit of joy in her that rebelled at the prospect of sorrow. By a process too natural to require explanation, Johnson's residence at Streatham became less habitual than formerly. But he continued to write from the dusky retreat of Bolt Court, *dunning*, as she expressed it, his old friend for kindness, wishing himself back with her at Streatham, detailing his complaints and medicines, and peevishly repining at his own old age. The tie of many years was hard to break; and, when Streatham Park was let on lease, in 1782, to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne, Dr. Johnson accompanied Mrs. Thrale and her family to Brighton, returning with them in the winter to Argyle Street, London, where Boswell found him, very ill but kindly tended, in the following March.

Between this last date, however, and June 17th, 1783, an irremediable break had occurred in the friendship of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. No sooner had her husband been laid at rest beside his little son in Streatham Church than the gossips had set themselves to map out his widow's future. She was angry enough at them for fancying her "such an amorous idiot." Lord Loughborough, Sir Richard Jebb, Mr. Piozzi, Mr. Selwyn, Dr. Johnson, every man that came to the house, she complained, was put in the papers for her to marry. She wrote to the *Morning Herald*, begging it to say no more about

her, good or bad, took refuge in the country, and had more than half a mind to leave England altogether. "One day," she writes in her diary, "the paper rings with my marriage to Johnson, one day to Crutchley, one day to Seward. I give no reason for such impertinence, but cannot deliver myself from it. Whitbread, the rich brewer, is in love with me too: oh, I would rather, as Anne Page says, be set breast deep in the earth and be bowled to death with turnips." Still, though incensed at this random gossip, Mrs. Thrale had a fair consciousness of her own eligibility and power. She remembered her wealth, her ancient lineage, her reputation for wit and learning, and triumphed to herself, between the pages of her diary, that to marry for love would be rational in her, who wanted no advancement of birth or fortune; and, "till I am in love," she added, "I will not marry, nor perhaps then." That she did eventually promise her hand to the singer Piozzi has puzzled her biographers as it at first puzzled, nay, astounded, her family and friends. They regarded the act as little less than a crime against society, her children, and herself. What could a woman with three thousand a year, half a dozen daughters, and a considerable reputation for talent, care for a man who was known only for his music? True it was, the singer had long since lost his voice, that he was neither poor, nor very handsome, nor in any sense an adventurer. He was in fact eminently respectable and harmless; and — she loved him. This fact constituted his greatest virtue and her most unpardonable folly. Johnson and Burney bemoaned together with wet eyes the weakness of their former hostess and their own loosened hold of her affection. The two drove into London from Streatham on one occasion together — Burney in the secret of the love-affair, and very grave and sad; Johnson either innocent of it or pretending to be so. But the heart of the old man was none the less heavy. "His look," says the lady, "was stern, though dejected, as he followed her into the vehicle;" and he was overcome with emotion as, with a shaking hand and pointing finger, he directed her looks to the mansion from which they were driving, and, when they faced it from the coach window as they turned into Streatham Common, tremulously exclaimed, "That house . . . is lost to me — forever!" Too long indeed had the "Streathamites" dreamt that Mrs. Thrale and all that was hers belonged to them; and now it was a bitter thing to

find that she was strictly and wholly free, and knew it. Could some one among that crowd of literary men and women, who had feasted and paraded all those years in the gardens and gay rooms of Streatham, have been sufficiently heroic to think and say that she was in the right! And, still more, could that single-handed champion have been the great and revered Dr. Johnson! A word from him at that time would have silenced the whole midge swarm of discontents, with Burney at their head. And might it not have been? Might he not, sitting over his fire on his two-legged stool in Bolt Court, have called to mind her long and spirited service to her "master," her tears over her dying babies, her bright and innocent wit, which had so often dispelled for him the gathering clouds of gloom and sickness? And might not he, the wise old man, have given due weight to the fact that all her tenderness, all her devotion, all her vanity, had hitherto been called into play only by old men, by children, by strangers! But other and less kind thoughts rankled in the heart of the old lexicographer. He joined, alas, the midge swarm; hated Piozzi, with his plain face and broken English, despised Mrs. Thrale, and let the inquisitive world know that he did so. There are few more ugly stories on record than that of Johnson's quarrel with the little widow.

Early in 1783, Mrs. Thrale was induced by the persecution of her children and the public to bid good-bye to her lover, who at her request at once gave up her letters to her eldest daughter, and prepared to leave England. The poor lady's health appeared at this time completely broken, and she was moreover much harassed by debts, the heaviest of which had been incurred by her father, and fell now upon her as his heir. Placing her younger children at school in Streatham, she left Argyle Street, and went with the elder ones to Bath, where she hoped to live in retirement, out of reach of her "friends," and to pay her debts. The little Streatham schoolgirls, however, fell ill in the spring of measles and whooping-cough, and one of them died. The poor mother, herself seriously ill, started from Bath to visit them. She lodged in Streatham, avoiding "hateful London," "for fear of encountering Piozzi's eyes somewhere." Nor did she know, until Piozzi told her long after, when all their troubles were over, that he had been sitting at a front window of a public house on the road "all that dreadful Saturday," to see her carriage pass backwards and forwards to where the

children resided. She had maintained her resolution not to see him again, and returned to Bath with a heavier heart than ever. When her child died, she had written to Dr. Johnson to inform him of her trouble; but the old friends did not meet whilst she was at Streatham; and his reply to her letter beginning, "I am glad that you went to Streatham, though you could not save the dear pretty little girl," went on at once to relate how he had been dining at the opening of the exhibition, with a splendid company, and other irrelevant gossip. A few more letters passed between them; he telling her the news of the day, and praising her "placid acquiescence" in her present mode of life; she writing back in a softened, broken-hearted strain, "very sick," she says, "and a little sullen, and disposed now and then to say like King David, '*My lovers and my friends have been put away from me, and my acquaintance hid out of my sight.*'" These words were probably on their way from Bath to Bolt Court when Johnson was struck dumb by paralysis on the early morning of June 17th, 1783. It was a strange impulse which made him, within a few hours of his visitation, write an elaborate and eloquent account of it to Mrs. Thrale; and this was followed up for some time by a regular diary of his disease addressed to her. Her replies amused him, and she, in her bitter solitude, accepted his lectures in a humbled spirit, and was "obliged, consoled, and delighted" by them. "You are now retired," Johnson tells her, "and have nothing to impede self-examination or self-improvement. Endeavour to reform that instability of attention which your last letter has happened to betray." Oh, soul of Quintilian! Here was stuff for your copy-book headings, with a vengeance!

Mrs. Thrale's miserable life during the year 1783, at Bath, was varied by a visit to Weymouth in the autumn, illnesses of her children in the winter, and correspondences with Dr. Johnson and Miss Burney. The last was in some sort her confidante; to her she could speak of her sufferings and their cause, and the two ladies regretted that they lived so far apart. Mrs. Thrale's daughters were now growing up about her, a bevy of proud, handsome girls, with fortunes of their own, and no little ambition of a small kind. "I have read to them," she tells Miss Burney in March 1784, "the Bible from beginning to end; the Roman and English histories; Milton, Shakespeare, Pope, and Young's works, from head to heel; Warton and Johnson's crit-

icisms on the poets; besides a complete system of dramatic writing; and the classics — I mean English classics — they are most perfectly acquainted with. Such works of Voltaire, too, as were not dangerous, we have worked at; '*Rollin des Belles-Lettres*,' and a hundred more. But my best powers are past; and I think I must look out a lady to supply my deficiency to attend them, if they should like a jaunt next summer or so; for I will not quit Bath." Here at least she had her physicians about her, who knew how ill she was, and would do their best not to let her die; but of what other friends could she say as much? Her children's utter lack of sympathy with her, and Dr. Johnson's flagrant egotism, at length exasperated the poor lady into something like vigour of speech. "You tell one of my daughters," she wrote to Johnson, "that you know not with distinctness the cause of my complaints. I believe she, who lives with me, knows it no better." The lady then scolds him roundly, and in English as eloquent as his own. "It is kind in you to quarrel no more," she says, "about expressions which were not meant to offend; but unjust to suppose I have not lately thought myself dying. Let us, however, take the Prince of Abyssinia's advice, and not add to the other evils of life the bitterness of controversy. . . . All this," she continues, relenting again, "is not written by a person in high health and happiness, but by a fellow-sufferer, who has more to endure than she can tell or you can guess; and now let us talk of the Severn salmon, which will be coming in soon: I shall send you one of the finest, and shall be glad to hear that your appetite is good." The lady did not forget her promise, and three weeks later Dr. Johnson wrote: "The Hoopes, Miss Burney, and Mrs. Hull (Wesley's sister), feasted yesterday with me very cheerfully on your noble salmon. Mr. Allen could not come, but I sent him a piece, and a great tail is still left."

While Dr. Johnson was enjoying an interval of comparative good health among his London friends, Mrs. Thrale was becoming each day more ill and more unhappy; until at length her good physician, taking the matter into his own hands, informed her daughters that he must write to Signor Piozzi concerning their mother's health. Piozzi, who was living in Milan, received Dr. Dobson's welcome epistle; and in eleven days he was at her side. In the mean time Mrs. Thrale had made up her mind to be broken-hearted no more. The guardians whom Mr. Thrale had



placed over her children were formally acquainted with the fact; and that the three eldest, having heard that Mr. Piozzi was coming back from Italy, had left Bath for their own house at "Brighthelmstone." But Dr. Johnson received, in addition to the "circular," the following letter:—

BATH, June 30.

MY DEAR SIR,—The inclosed is a circular letter which I have sent to all the guardians, but our friendship demands somewhat more; it requires that I should beg your pardon for concealing from you a connection which you must have heard of by many, but I suppose never believed. Indeed, my dear sir, it was concealed only to save us both needless pain; I could not have borne to reject that counsel it would have killed me to take, and I only tell it you now because all is irrevocably settled and out of your power to prevent. I will say, however, that the dread of your disapprobation has given me some anxious moments; and, though perhaps I am become by many privations the most independent woman in the world, I feel as if acting without a parent's consent till you write kindly to

Your faithful servant.

This was Dr. Johnson's reply:—

MADAM,—If I interpret your letter right, you are ignominiously married: if it is yet undone, let us once more talk together. If you have abandoned your children and your religion, God forgive your wickedness; if you have forfeited your fame and your country, may your folly do no further mischief. If the last act is yet to do, I who have loved you, esteemed you, revered you, and served you, I who long thought you the first of woman-kind, entreat that, before your fate is irrevocable, I may once more see you. I was, I once was, madam, most truly yours,

July 2, 1784.

SAM. JOHNSON.

I will come down if you permit it.

Mrs. Thrale lost no time, but despatched a letter by the coach, "the more speedily and effectually to prevent" the doctor's visit. She was very angry now, and bid him rather a fiery farewell. The next post brought to her a softer missive, "one more sigh of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere." Her old irascible friend did not forget, he told her, in this moment of final separation, "the kindness which had soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." His last advice was, however, that she should induce Mr. Piozzi to settle in England, "where her fortune would be more under her own eye;" his last peroration, enforcing that advice, was an eloquent allusion to the story of Queen Mary, who had crossed the fatal Solway in spite of a similar warning, and—suffered for it.

The marriage which all the world was execrating was solemnized at Bath on July 25, 1784, and in a few weeks the Piozzis were on their way to Italy. Here, among her husband's own people and friends, Mrs. Piozzi found him popular and respected, while the proud Lombardians were at first disposed to doubt whether his wife whom he had brought to visit them could be a gentlewoman by birth, since her first husband was a brewer! The travellers were feasted and honoured wherever they went. When dukes, duchesses, marquises d'Araciel, and princes of Sisterna, showered kindness on her for Piozzi's sake, Mrs. Piozzi took good care to let her English friends hear of it. "Here's honour and glory for you!" she wrote home, in the joy of her heart. But it was not long before she had forgiven her enemies. To her children she lost no opportunity of sending presents and letters; and on December 7th, 1784, she wrote to a young law-student, Samuel Lysons, afterwards keeper of the Tower records: "Do not neglect Dr. Johnson; you will never see any other mortal so wise or so good. I keep his picture in my chamber, and his works on my chimney." A week later, and her old friend had breathed his last in his dingy home in Fleet Street, London. No sooner was the event known, and the old philosopher at rest under the stones of Westminster Abbey, than the printers were busy issuing "Anecdotes." Everybody who had a story of the dead lion was in a hurry to tell it; and of course Boswell and Mrs. Piozzi were looked to by all the world for the largest and most interesting collections. Her "Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, during the Last Twenty Years of his Life," were written in Italy immediately after the news of his death reached her, shipped off to England from Leghorn, and published in London in 1786, young Samuel Lysons making her bargain for her with Mr. Cadell the publisher. "Judge my transport and my husband's," she wrote nearly thirty years afterwards, "when at Rome we received letters saying the book was bought with such avidity that Cadell had not one copy left when the king sent for it at ten o'clock at night, and he was forced to beg one from a friend to supply his Majesty's impatience, who sate up all night reading it." Boswell, who was preparing his "pyramid," as he called his "Life of Johnson," was outraged at this sudden flare of feminine popularity, and strove to undermine his rival's position by accusing her of inaccuracy and untruth. His efforts were in vain. The whole of

the first impression of her little book was sold on the first day it was published; 300*l.* were lying ready for her in her publisher's hands; and her "Anecdotes" were the gossip of the whole town, although Walpole sneered at them, Hannah More yawned, and Peter Pindar grew funny.

During their residence in Italy, the Piozzis visited Salzburg in Bavaria, the ancient seat of the little Welshwoman's race; and the heralds there, examining her "schedule," acknowledged her, "to the triumphant delight of dear Piozzi," a true descendant of their own prince Adam. Mrs. Piozzi, though this was perhaps no great feather in her cap, shone with some *éclat* among the stars of the Della Crusca Academy in Florence, and wrote a preface to their "Miscellany" of verses, which Walpole called "short, sensible, and genteel." On their return to London in 1787, Mr. and Mrs. Piozzi lived first in Hanover Square, and afterwards at her old home at Streatham Park. In the mean time her children had become partially reconciled to their Italian stepfather; and Cecilia, the youngest, afterwards Mrs. Mostyn, remained constantly resident with her mother. Mrs. Piozzi's old friends discovered by degrees that her marriage was after all no very dire misfortune to her or to them. Her dinners were as good as formerly, and her drawing-room was as much as ever the resort of notables and eccentrics. After a few years, Piozzi, having become enraptured during a tour with the scenery of North Wales, built an Italian villa on the banks of the Clwydd, near to his wife's ruined mansion of Bachygraig, to which they gave the pretty hybrid name of Brynbella; and to this spot he and his wife retired in 1795. The French war in Italy in 1799 having involved Piozzi's relations in great difficulties, Mrs. Piozzi rescued from the general wreck a nephew of her husband, whom his parents had christened John Salusbury, after herself. The little Lombardian, with recollections in his baby head of bloody scenes in fighting cities, was brought to England; and Mrs. Piozzi adopted him as her heir. When he was old enough, she placed him at the school where her own son Henry Thrale had conned his Latin grammar some thirty years before; and the young Salusbury-Piozzi was reared by Henry's mother with exceptional tenderness and care.

Mr. Piozzi died at Brynbella in 1809, and was buried at the little church there. Legends of the courteous Italian linger in the neighbourhood — of his broken

English, and gentle, kindly manners. A portrait of him is preserved among the family pictures at Brynbella, which represents him as good-looking, about forty years old, in a straight-cut brown coat, with frill and ruffles, and some leaves of music in his hand; and one wing of the Italian villa which he built is still said to be haunted by the sounds of his violin. During his life Mr. Piozzi had attended with much prudence and economy to the somewhat confused money matters of his little wife. He had steered her safely through her debts; and at his death he left her mistress of everything they possessed, except a few thousands which he had saved before their marriage, and which he bequeathed to his relatives in Italy.

The loss of her husband left Mrs. Piozzi once more solitary in the world; but no sorrow, not even the greatest sorrow of remembering happier things, could quench now the sunshine which filled her life. During the twelve years which remained for her, we see her, in her letters, and in the records of her friends, still happy, still triumphant, still supremely satisfied. For her, old age was no uglier, no sadder, than a plucked flower that lies doomed and sweet in the sunlight. She had had her full share of earthly joy, and the brightest day in her calendar was ever the anniversary of her second marriage. "No, my dear sir," she wrote to a friend from Bath in 1817, "I will not stir from home till after the 25th of July, which day made me happy thirty-three years ago, after the suffering so many sorrows; and here will I keep its beloved anniversary, always remembering

St. James's Church and St. James's Day,  
And good Mr. James that gave me away."

Until 1814 she had continued to live at Brynbella, visiting occasionally both Bath and Streatham. But at this date young Salusbury left the university and married, and Mrs. Piozzi very generously relinquished to him and his young wife her little Welsh estate and its revenue. To compensate her daughters for their loss of it, she set to work to improve Streatham Park, which they would inherit at her death, and landed herself by this means in new and serious money difficulties. Nevertheless she jogged on, as light-hearted as ever, in her Bath lodging, with her two maids, and with a drawing of Brynbella over her chimney-piece — often, in spite of her 2,000*l.* a year, without 5*l.* of ready money to spend on herself. She at-

most rejoiced in her self-imposed poverty. When bills were thronging in upon her every hour, she told a friend that a certain heavy account for expenses concerning her nephew's marriage had just been sent in from a solicitor, and added, "I call that the *felicity bill*." Her devotion to Piozzi's nephew was not ill rewarded. He was made sheriff of his county, and knighted in 1817; and he and his wife were uniformly dutiful and kind to their benefactress, and at least added no one pang to those she had previously suffered.

In 1819 Tom Moore visited Mrs. Piozzi, and found her "a wonderful old lady." "Faces of other times," he wrote, "seemed to crowd over her as she sat,—the Johnsons, Reynoldses, etc. etc. Though turned eighty, she has all the quickness and intelligence of a gay young woman." It was about this time that she became acquainted with the young actor Conway, and interested herself so enthusiastically in his fortunes that people laughed at her, and said she was in love again. Her eightieth birthday, Jan. 27, 1820, was made the occasion of a brilliant *fête* at Bath, to which the Salusburys from Wales, and friends from all parts of the island, gladly flocked. A concert and supper to between six and seven hundred guests, in the public rooms of Bath, commenced the proceedings; and she led off the ball herself at two in the morning with her adopted son Sir John Salusbury, dancing, said those who were present, with astonishing elasticity and true dignity.

The autumn and winter of that year were spent quietly at Penzance, where she had been told the blasts of winter never came. There she whiled away what she called "six months of exile," looking out over the sea, observing Cornish human nature, with its adjuncts vegetable and mineral, writing witty anecdotic letters to her absent friends, and longing to return with the swallows to her own beloved Bath. But that Cornish winter of 1820-1 was exceptionally severe, and the poor little lady found it hard to maintain her cheerful mood. "Conway," she wrote to a friend, "is in high favour at Bath, the papers say; so indeed do private letters. That young man's value will be one day properly appreciated; and then you and I will be found to have been quite right all along."

On her way homewards to Bath in the spring of 1821, Mrs. Piozzi met with an accident. Recovered from this, she reached Clifton, where an attack of illness overtook her; and she died there, after very

little suffering, on May 2nd, 1821. To her nephew, Sir John Salusbury-Piozzi Salusbury, she left her Welsh estates, and all that she possessed, with the request to her executors that they would be careful to transmit her body, wheresoever she might die, to the vault constructed for their remains by her second husband, Gabriel Piozzi, in Dymorchion Church, Flintshire. And accordingly this last act completed the story of a long and not too happy life. Her three daughters, Lady Keith, Mrs. Hoare, and Miss Thrale, summoned at the last, were round her dying bed. By her written wish the portrait of her mother by Zoffany was given to Lady Keith, who alone of her family could remember her; and that of Mr. Thrale was given to the one daughter who still bore his name. Two days before her death, she had sent the actor Conway a draught for 100*l*.; which he, like an honest man, returned to her executors. The act speaks warmly in his favour, and one is sorry that he was not quite so great a genius as his warm-hearted patroness believed him to be. He drowned himself in 1828. Among his books was found a copy of the folio edition of Young's "Night Thoughts," in which he had made a note that it was presented to him by his "dearly attached friend, the celebrated Mrs. Piozzi."

Of Dr. Johnson it may be said that his personality and talk were more memorable than anything he ever wrote, and the same is true of his friend Mrs. Piozzi. Her "Anecdotes" were popular, but they scarcely deserve to be mentioned in the same category with Boswell's splendidly full and compactly arranged "Life." Her "British Synonymy; or, An Attempt at Regulating the Choice of Words in Familiar Conversation," published in 1794, was a compendium of bright table-talk and anecdote; but its pretentious name put the critics and Gifford out of temper. "The Retrospection; or, A Review of the most Striking and Important Events, Characters, Situations and their Consequences, which the last Eighteen Hundred Years have Presented to the View of Mankind," was published in two quarto volumes, in 1801, and consists of rather more than a thousand pages. "It would," says Mr. Hayward, in his interesting account of her life and writings, "have required the united powers and acquisitions of Raleigh, Burke, Gibbon, and Voltaire, to fill so vast a canvas with appropriate groups and figures." She was indeed too ambitious; and we have to fall back on her letters and what we know of

her life, that we may once more understand and believe in her genius and good sense.

Mrs. Piozzi's verdict concerning her personal appearance was a severe one. "No," she used to say, "I never was handsome; I had always too many strong points in my face for beauty." And she would boast that she owed her "vigorous, black manuscript" to her large and too muscularly built hand. Boswell called her "short, plump, and brisk;" but Dr. Burney was more polite when in 1782 he included among his lady "wits,"

Thrale, in whose expressive eyes  
Sits a soul above disguise.

The little half-length miniature of her painted in Bath in 1817, in a closely-fitting dress and hat, very nearly resembling the present fashion, represents her as small, well-built, with features finely cut, and a clear, brave glance in the eyes.

It was impossible that she should have lived for so many of her best years in the society of Dr. Johnson without retaining through life many of the results of that companionship. Few women among her younger contemporaries could vie with her in extensive reading and retentive memory, or in readiness of wit. Dr. Johnson had taught her to hate cant; and her honesty both in speech and action was among her most striking characteristics. But he failed utterly to hem her mind round with the prejudices and perversities which beset his own. Her "piety" was less sententious, less methodical; but her charity was undoubtedly of a better sort.

Her sweet temper, also, her vivacity and unselfishness, increased as she grew old; and her last years contrasted most remarkably in this particular with Dr. Johnson's gloomy and hypochondriacal decay. Some of our contemporaries can remember her as far back as 1813,—a kind little old lady, who used to walk in her garden on Streatham Common and hand cakes through her park palings to fair-haired little boys. When the oft-recurring birthday reminded her how old she and the world were growing, she welcomed it with a good grace. "*My jour de naissance* is coming round in a few days now," she wrote in 1816, and quoted some pretty lines of Pope, adding, "Yet I will not, like Dr. Johnson, quarrel with my birthday." On the seventy-sixth anniversary, she wrote gaily to her kind friend Sir James Fellowes about the new fashions that were deforming the world, and added, "Do not suffer yourself to be too

sorry that I am so near out of it." Three years before her death she was quoting in a letter to the same friend some verses of Cowley upon the old sad subject; and this was her brave comment:—"Meanwhile, let us die but once, and not double the pang by cowardice, or poison the dart by wilful sin, but meet the hour with at least as much deference to God's will as every Turk shows to that of the Grand Signior. 'It is the sultan's pleasure,' says he, 'and so ends the matter,—here's my head.'"

ROSALINE ORME MASSON.

From Blackwood's Magazine,  
THE LADY CANDIDATE.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE sun was shining full on the bare rocky mountains that close in the valley of the Tamina, in which Ragatz is situated. The light sharpened each hard outline of the peaks, and caught the glass windows of the Quellenhof Hotel, making them blaze hotly. In front of the great hotel lay its well-laid-out garden, with dazzling gravel-walks, edged with trees trained into fat green wigs on a single stem. The band played invitingly, the fountains splashed, the visitors sat at little marble tables drinking coffee, or aimlessly walked about, splendidly dressed in all the colours of the rainbow, and their loud German gutturals filled the air with a sensation as of sharpening knives. In the *salon* on the ground-floor a young lady in blue muslin was persecuting a piano, which, from its appearance, must have come to Ragatz suffering from rheumatism also, for it wore a green baize shirt and trousers.

Through the *salon* into the verandah, with very hurried steps, came two young ladies, and as they opened the glass door, one whispered to the other—

"She is playing again, Rhoda; I wish there were some means of preventing it; it is perfectly intolerable."

"Never mind, it is the best of her two pieces. Oh! that chord; I have learnt to expect it now. How she can—each time, is incomprehensible to me!"

"I peeped into the piece," said Rhoda, "and I see that it is a misprint: the sharp has got attached to the E flat, and the flat to some other note."

They emerged into the verandah; a tall fair-moustached gentleman had just left a comfortable little table under its shade, and conveying blotting-book and ink-bottle

in one hand, a chair in the other, and his pen in his mouth, was seeking about for a little corner out of hearing of the music within.

"I wonder whether Captain Somers is taking the baths himself, Rhoda," said the younger of the two girls, putting up her parasol.

"No; it is his friend that takes them. I hear from the bath-woman that he takes two baths a day and six glasses of that lukewarm water which I hate so much."

"Don't be ungrateful, Rhoda; it has done you a great deal of good."

"But I can't help thinking that you look a little pale, Annie," said Rhoda Langdon affectionately. "I hope you do not feel the heat too much."

"Oh no! I delight in the place, and am very sorry that we have only two days left. Where are you going? Shall we not sit under one of these trees a little while? This is the hottest hour in all the twenty-four."

"I must go and see if the English papers have come. I am getting very anxious about the state of affairs at home."

"Rhoda! you do not mean it? you have not said so before; you do not mean that there will be —"

"Yes, I do. I expect a dissolution before the end of the session."

"What shall I do?"

"Leave it to me and do not fuss yourself. We shall be home in plenty of time."

"But I have not looked at a paper since we have been here. I have no more idea what has been going on than Pauline has."

"These things are soon got up. I will help you when the time comes."

"I wish I could get out of it," said Annie, piteously.

Miss Langdon turned round and put her hand on her cousin's shoulder. "You know it is too late for that — you know you are pledged."

"Women have always been privileged to change their minds."

"Annie! don't talk like a child. Not since their emancipation! not since they took their proper station in society, and came to the front in all parts of the world!"

"Oh, hush! Rhodie. I am sure he will hear you; and please don't walk so fast; I cannot keep up with you."

"But why should he not hear me? I make no secret of my opinions."

"But, Rhoda — please, please —"

"You are a foolish child, Annie, and

quite unfit for the position to which you are destined."

"Yes, I know I am quite unfit; I shall never be able to do it."

"Nonsense; do, for goodness' sake, remember that when a person has pledged his or her word, they cannot withdraw except for some very urgent reason — failing health or —"

"I am not very strong," murmured Annie.

"I never saw you look better in your life, my dear; and as for making a secret with Captain Somers, I cannot see the use of it."

"Not make a secret of it! only say nothing — he knows nothing of your — I mean of our opinions."

"Good-morning, Miss Langdon — good-morning, Miss Annie."

"Good morning, Captain Somers; I hope your friend is better to-day."

Somers' handsome face clouded over as he answered, "Thanks, I wish I could say that he was; but he caught a chill yesterday morning, and has been in great pain all day; he has just gone to his bath, so I am left to my own resources."

"What a pity; but I suppose one must expect ups and downs."

"I am afraid he suffers a great deal," said Annie, gently.

"Yes; at times the neuralgia is almost more than he can bear; he is wonderfully patient, poor old fellow."

"What should you do under similar circumstances, Captain Somers?"

"I am very much afraid, Miss Langdon, that I should swear; but you know men are proverbially less patient under pain than women; my friend is an exception to every rule."

"For good?"

"For all that is excellent. Are you on your way to see the news? I suppose I ought to be more anxious than I am, for this dissolution is hanging like the sword of Damocles over my devoted head."

"What? do you mean that you are going to stand?"

"I am indeed; my father's interest is sure to get me in, so I shall not have much trouble, and shall not hasten back, unless I hear of a strenuous opposition started. I should be sorry to leave Burnley before his time is up."

"But I believe every seat will be contested this time. This last government has lasted so long, and has so amply proved the efficiency of female legislators, that I am persuaded a great many more



women candidates will appear in the lists."

"Heaven forbid!"

"But if you will only allow me to point out——"

"Here we are at the *dé-salon*," exclaimed Annie, joyfully; "and, Rhoda, there is no time to lose; there is the fat man in the blue spectacles making straight for the *Times*—he will get it!" But with one light bound Rhoda Langdon had reached the table, and taken possession of the one cherished *Times*—from under the very nose of the disappointed gentleman, whose goodly proportions compelled him to move with dignity and reserve. Rhoda sank down on a chair with her prize, and Annie took up the visitors' list with which to amuse herself. Captain Somers drew a chair to the table and sat down beside her.

"There are a good many arrivals," she said—"Son Excellence M. Eugène de Tchelitine, Conseiller privé, and Sénateur-Varsaïc, and Mr. Robinson of New York, wife and courier—not a flattering way of putting his suite."

"Look at this one," said he, smiling—"Lady Bigs, London; Sir Marmaduke, and maid—which looks the best?"

"Much of a muchness," she answered, laughing. "We have some grandees—the Frau Gräfin von Beicherbach. My maid was much disappointed when she found that the Frau Gräfin was the little old woman in black alpaca, with a flaxen front; and the tall woman in lilac satin, trimmed with lace, was the wife of Scant and Lavineo in Ipswich." Captain Somers seemed suddenly not to be listening.

"Miss Langdon's looks betray some news," he said, half rising from his chair. Rhoda Langdon was bending over the paper, her face lighted up with excitement, and an expression half of anxiety half of triumph on her very handsome mouth.

"I am almost afraid that it has come," said Annie, her face turning very pale.

"Will it take you away?" he asked.

"At once—instantly," she answered, with quivering lips. "I suppose you also will have to go?"

"I suppose so," he said, gloomily.

Rhoda, now starting from her chair, laid the paper down for one second, while she beckoned to the others to join her: that second was enough,—the fat man with blue spectacles was on the alert, and with the rapidity of a flash of lightning had secured the treasure. Annie could not help laughing as her discomfited cousin made her way up to her.

"Annie, wonderful news! He has dissolved Parliament; some of the writs are out already; there is not an hour to lose; the leader says that the closest canvass is anticipated: the most abrupt dissolution since Gladstone's famous one in seventy-three. Heaven grant that we may not be too late."

"But you cannot—indeed, you cannot start to-night," said Captain Somers, eagerly. "There is no train."

"I must see to it—I must pack at once," and she hastened on towards the house.

"I hope you will not go so very quickly," he said to Annie, as they followed more slowly.

"Indeed we must," she said, with a sigh; "I do not see any alternative."

"At least, let us have one more drive together this afternoon."

"I am afraid Rhoda will be too busy to come."

"Then come with us. I am sure Burnley is *chaperon* enough for you."

"Oh yes! I should like it very much if Rhoda will let me."

"Do you always ask her leave?"

"Yes, always; you do not know how good she is to me."

"Well, I suppose you must go," he said, discontentedly, as Rhoda turned round, beckoning. "Remember I shall count on you. I shall order the carriage at half past three; and you must not disappoint Burnley: he has enough to bear without the added weight of disappointment."

She only laughed as she followed Rhoda up-stairs.

Annie Herbert found her cousin already deep in the mysteries of a foreign Bradshaw.

"Stop, stop! don't speak! 5.10—no; 5.5 in the morning gets to Zurich at 9.30. Wait there till 10.5. Very slow train, but the only one. A pencil, Annie. Bâle at 12.46. That would do. Now do you think we could go on that night, or will it be too much for you? Don't interrupt. Train starts at 11.30; arrives in Paris 5.20 A.M. Can we catch the tidal train? Yes, but it gives us only time to drive straight across Paris to the Chemin de Fer du Nord."

"Oh, Rhoda!"

"I cannot stop to talk now, dear; ring for Pauline. We must begin packing at once. We shall be able to get to London on Saturday at the very latest, or Friday night, and go down on Saturday to Lough-tonstone. Here, open my desk—there

are the keys—give them to Pauline, and send for the boxes while I run down to make Giorgi telegraph to Scoton. Here, Pauline! how long you have been! What have you got there?"

"A *dépêche*, mademoiselle," and Rhoda seized the telegram she held out.

"Excellent! capital!" she cried to the bewildered Annie. "Scoton says—'Good cottage vacant, close to town. Shall I take it? Have sent down agent.' What a quick fellow he is. I must send off at once. Now Annie, dear, begin with your drawing-things."

And she was gone.

"*Ces demoiselles* start at once?" asked Pauline.

"Yes, not a moment to lose," answered Annie, half-laughing. "Can you be ready?"

"But—yes, mademoiselle, I will try. But the linen—the boxes! I do not know!"

Annie was looking ruefully at a large sketch half-finished, just in the condition to which a sketch attains after the period of anxiety is over, and that of enjoyment begins. She began to put her drawing-materials together with a deep sigh. Both were busily engaged when Rhoda came back.

"That's right, Annie," she said, cheerily. "Pauline and I can easily manage the rest during the afternoon."

"Can you? Then may I go out with Captain Somers and Mr. Burnley?"

"Yes, dear, certainly."

"Why do you put your hand to your head? Not neuralgia again, I hope?"

"No, very little; it is only the excitement; it will go off. Oh, Annie!" she cried, seizing her cousin's hands, "give me a kiss! I have a conviction—a certainty that we are going to victory."

## CHAPTER II.

A SMALL carriage wound slowly up the narrow valley of Pfäfers. Annie Herbert and Mr. Burnley sat in it side by side, and Captain Somers walked by them; the driver, also on foot, guided his gaunt horse along the road. At the bottom of the gorge flows, or rather rushes and falls, the little river, too solid a rush of water to break on the stones, and tearing in frothy masses over its tormented bed. On either side close in the rocks, rising to a great perpendicular height, sometimes bending forwards over the valley. It was a slow ascent, though little more than two miles and a half. Mr. Burnley, a pale dark-haired man of about fifty years of age,

lay back in the carriage, saying little, but enjoying the cooler air of the gorge. His wan face was thin and haggard from suffering, and the expression of the large eyes and compressed lips told of the torments of five years of *tic-douloureux*.

"I am so sorry that you are going, Miss Herbert," he said at last. "We shall miss you sadly during the fortnight longer that I must stay here."

"I hope Captain Somers will be able to stay with you."

"He says he sees no reason why he should go for another ten days. I don't know what I should do without him," he said, wearily. "If I did not know that his seat was secure enough, I would not let him stay. I wonder why you are in such a hurry. I suppose Miss Langdon does not mean to stand, does she?"

"No, not exactly; but——"

"Ah, she is anxious to canvass for some friend, of course, and also to record her vote and yours—yes, yes, of course."

"Do you approve of female members?" she said, hesitatingly.

Mr. Burnley smiled. "It is too late to disapprove," he answered.

"But you think they were very foolish this session, do you?"

"Some were, undoubtedly. But I do think one thing, which is that the cleverest women are out, not in Parliament."

"Do you not think Miss Green very clever?"

"In a way, yes; but Mrs. Thomson is much cleverer."

"Mrs. Thomson! who has never spoken once?"

"Yes, I believe her to be the ablest woman in the House. I am glad Miss Langdon is not going to stand."

"Why?" she said, falteringly.

"I do not consider her adapted for public life. She is too enthusiastic, too superficially educated, too prejudiced, too Radical."

"You are speaking of my cousin," said Annie, who could not avoid a tone of mortification in her voice; "and if you knew her better, I am certain that you would think her, as I do, the very cleverest, most accomplished of women."

"I am sorry I spoke so, my dear," he said, very gently; "only I should not like to think that you would be hand-in-glove with a Radical female member."

"But I am a Radical," she faltered.

"Well, perhaps some day you will change your mind, who knows? Look—how beautifully the light has caught the top of that huge mountain! I shall wait

in the carriage at the hotel, while, if you like, Hugh can take you into that wonderful cavern-like gorge."

"I wish one could drive up to the source. I fear that you will be obliged to leave Ragatz without having seen it once."

"I hope not."

He leant back wearily. Slowly they climbed on, the carriage having now and then to drive close under the rocks to let another pass it on the very narrow road. At last they reached the barrack-like hotel, where the gorge became too narrow for a road, and Captain Somers came up to them.

"Would you like to come on with me, Miss Herbert?" he said, anxiously.

"Yes," she said, adding to her companion, "if you do not mind; we will be very quick."

"No, no—do not mind me; this cool air is quite delicious, after the heat of the valley; but you must take a shawl,—it will be very cold in the rocks."

"Thanks."

Somers, standing on the carriage-step, rearranged his friend's air-cushions with the tenderness of a woman; then, with a cheery "Good-bye," the two walked off together. Mr. Burnley looked after them with a slight sigh, and an expression full of affectionate interest. Annie looked very pretty, following Hugh, with the light shining on her lovely fair hair, and checking her little white gown.

They entered the hotel, through which visitors are obliged to pass, and crossing by a wooden bridge the foaming torrent, entered the gorge of Pfäfers: a narrow boarded path close under the rocks overhung the river, which, angry before, here seemed to have become furious.

For some paces they went on along the path, and now the huge rocks closed overhead, and only now and then parting or splitting aside admitted a sheet of misty light; it was very dark, and the constant drip made the path slippery, and for some time Annie's whole attention was occupied by keeping her footing; a nervous, breathless awe seemed to come over her also in this wild place, where all was one unceasing roar and dash of water. Now the path became so dark and slippery that Hugh Somers turned back and offered her his arm, and they went on together.

"Look there!" he said, suddenly, for the rocks had broken open, and a wonderful gleam of straight light streamed down; far, far above they caught a glimpse of waving green on the top of the mountain.

"Here we are at the source," he said,

as they came on to a small plateau—three narrow doors in the solid rock, and between them a fountain from which the water fell. Two of the doors were closed, but through their chinks poured hot steam; the third was open, a red light shone from it, and the air was very hot.

"Dante's Inferno," whispered Annie.

"Yes, the red light of the old guide is very suggestive. Shall we go in?"

An old man, who might have been the spirit of the place, in garments which appeared moss-grown, and a knotted beard like grey lichen, appeared at the door, and stood in a cloud of steam.

"*Un poco piu basso, amico mio*," whispered Annie, as Hugh Somers disappeared into the rock; then half-laughing, to shake off the awe of the place, she moved away to the edge of the path, and holding the wooden railing, looked down on the torrent: it was a strange scene, all seemed so wild and lonely, and she walked back along the path into the darkness, and stood under a huge black rock, watching the shaft-like lights. She started when her companion rejoined her.

"Will you have some water?" he said, holding out a shining, dripping glassful of water from the source.

"Thanks. I should be glad if it were fresh and cool; but the warmth of it is unnatural! I have had enough." He tossed away the water, and returned to restore the glass. "What are you looking at?" he said, rejoicing his companion.

"I was looking for old Charon's boat; can you not see him come down, standing upright, with his great brown brawny figure and floating beard, pushing off the rocks with one mighty oar?"

"He must have a good punt."

"And the boat full of cringing, terrified mortals," she continued, unheeding, "clinging to each other on their way to the twilight regions."

"We need not think of Charon yet," he said.

"It is never too early to begin, though we are still young."

Golden lads and girls all must  
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

But we ought to be going; your friend will be tired of waiting."

"Do not hurry,—I shall see so little more of you now. Will you take my arm?"

"Thanks, I can go alone. How dark it is just here!"

"Yes; do take care, it is so slippery! Ha! Good heavens!"

In the wet slippery darkness he saw her stumble, catch at the railings, and fall against them. One of them cracked loudly; there was no real danger, but he caught her in his arms in agony. "Annie! Annie! my darling! you are not hurt!"

"No, thanks," she said faintly.

"Take my arm; you must—you shall; tell me you are not hurt—heavens! what it might have been."

"I am not hurt," she gasped.

"Here, hold my arm—come out of this infernal hole;" and with his arm round her waist, he hurried her along. Before they emerged into daylight, however, she stopped a moment, and leant against the rocks.

"You are tired," he said, anxiously.

"Only a little; I will wait one moment."

She stood still, recovering her breath; then taking her companion's arm, they returned to Burnley.

"Why, Hugh, you look as if you had seen a ghost!" exclaimed his friend. Somers made no answer, but walked off down the road with long strides. Annie looked a little pale, but so sweet and sunshiny that he thought it best to ask no questions.

### CHAPTER III.

THE sun was going down, and a rosy light played over the mountains. In front of the circular temple belonging to the band lay a pavilion with a wide portico of Grecian architecture, under which at this hour the world assembled to listen to the band's sweet strains, and to eat ices and drink coffee. There they were all assembled, the German ladies invariably knitting articles of white thread; the German gentlemen smoking in silence, only an occasional burst of conversation breaking in on their ruminating attention to the band, which played the wild, sweet music of the future.

Annie and Rhoda came, after a while, to take their customary seats at a round table at the end of the portico, from whence they could enjoy a view of the whole assembled company.

"Alas! for the last time," said the latter, sadly, as the smiling little German maid filled their cups; "and in all this time she has never learnt that we never take milk in our coffee."

"There are all our old friends, as if assembled on purpose for a last sight. The paper-snatcher looks hungry and pale; I am afraid he did not keep the *Times* he got in so mean a way?"

"And there is the Frau Baronin with her two sons, one as usual on each side; and Piggy—only look at Piggy's face, now that she is giving him some of that mountainous ice! A loving satisfaction beams over it."

"I do not see the Hungarian general. Yes, there he is, with his contralto daughter. I shall never forget that magnificent voice: it was the most wonderful thing I ever heard. I wonder if we shall ever hear it again."

"It will be all the same a hundred years hence," answered Rhoda, lightly; "look at the mountains."

Slowly the light kept rising, like a delicate rose-coloured veil unfolding upwards, till the valley lay in shade, and a faint cool breeze began to blow.

Mr. Burnley and Hugh Somers strolled up to them, and the band burst into a new strain. They mounted the steps, and seated themselves by their friends to listen.

"To-morrow you will be rushing away into the glare of the world again, Miss Langdon," said the latter, sentimentally.

"I think we have had almost enough of this sort of life," she answered, briskly.

"Enough of Arcadia?"

"Is this your idea of Arcadia?" she asked, a little sharply.

"Well, I do not know that it is a misplaced idea. Arcadias are relative; but it is really the poetical ideal—warmth, sunshine, flowers, and bowers, incessant amusement; your one business to lave your weary limbs in life-giving waters, in porcelain baths, or dry them on marble floors; to drink iced wines, criticise your neighbours, love, honour, and obey your doctor; and so glide down life without a care."

"And how about the twinges of rheumatism and agonies of incipient gout?"

"Where is the Eden without its serpent?"

"As you said, Arcadias are relative."

"May I ask your idea?"

"The House of Commons," she answered, abruptly. It was all that Burnley could do not to laugh. He swallowed a mouthful of coffee convulsively; but Rhoda looked so handsome as she said it—her dark eyes flashed, the rich colour mantled in her cheek—that Somers could not help admiring her.

"You should stand, Miss Langdon, by Jove!" he said.

"I would, if I had the money," she said, briefly.

"If you would only take my seat from

me, my father's interest would return you free of expense; but, unfortunately, he is very old-fashioned, has a horror of the female members, and I am afraid would disinherit me were I even to suggest it in the mildest way possible."

Burnley, who was sitting by Annie, could not avoid seeing that the colour had died out of her face, leaving it as white as a sheet. He hurriedly turned the subject.

"I hope we shall all meet in London some time this winter," he said; "and we will avail ourselves of your permission to call on you in your house, Miss Langdon."

"It is not my house," she said, a little abruptly; "it belongs to my cousin."

"It is all the same, Rhoda," said Annie, gently stroking her hand under the table.

"Shall you go straight there?"

"Yes—no—I cannot quite tell; plans cannot be decided until the election is over."

"I hope my father and sisters will make your acquaintance soon," said Somers. "They always go up immediately after Christmas."

"It will be a great pleasure to us," said Rhoda, a little stiffly. Annie wished to say something, but the words would not come.

"Oh, how we shall miss you!" sighed he.

"I fear that we shall find it very dull," said Mr. Burnley, with a sigh. "But ten days of this monotonous life pass very quickly. I cannot believe that you have been here the full time."

"All but two baths—we have, indeed."

"I am sure it is a great mistake not finishing the cure; it takes away half the effect of the waters."

"Two days cannot make much difference; and if it does, you see it cannot be helped. Come, Annie dear, if you have finished your coffee we had better go in; there is still a good deal to do."

"Oh, what a beautiful specimen!" cried Burnley, with the joy of a naturalist, pointing to a fly which had settled on one of the tables; "bright crimson back, opal wings, and such a lovely prismatic stomach!"

"If I can catch it, would you like to have it, Annie?" murmured Captain Somers.

Did she imagine he called her that, or was it true? He spoke so low that she could not be sure.

"Yes," she said. Burnley produced a little bottle of chloroform and a small cardboard box from a side-pocket, and in

less than five minutes the beautiful insect was installed as one of Annie Herbert's greatest treasures.

The early morning saw the train slowly winding its way through the valley of the Rhine, passing the lovely Wallenstadt, and crossing wooded, highly cultivated land, where orchard-trees bowed under the weight of their fruit, the grapes slowly ripened under a loving sun, and Indian corn waved its rich leaves with every passing breath. It was very hot when the travellers arrived at Bâle, so hot that they were glad to lie down in a darkened room till mid-day was over. Annie was tired in the afternoon and remained in her room, while Rhoda went out. Poor little Annie felt very low and woe-begone. The approaching battle had no charms for her; and a few words uttered by Hugh Somers the day before had shattered to pieces all happy dreams of the future in which she had allowed herself a little to indulge. When Rhoda came in she was quite distressed by her pale face and listless manner.

"I have been enjoying myself immensely, Annie," she said. "I have had what I always wished to have, a good long study of 'The Dance of Death.'"

"How very unpleasant!" said Annie; "I hate those pictures."

"They are most interesting! especially as some degree of self-mastery is necessary in order to enjoy them. I was conscious of a certain shrinking from them in repulsion, so I compelled myself to stand before these skeletons, gazing into their hollow eyes, tracing each bony limb, and wondering what they would look like when covered with fair white flesh; and I tried to realize that I myself underneath my skin was an exact counterpart of that gaunt skeleton."

"Did you feel comfortable when you had realized it, Rhoda?"

"I felt satisfied. I am never happy till I can feel that I have overcome any foolish fancy. Knowing what we are, is it not best to face the fact? Everything painful and repulsive should be fairly faced and examined in this world, and then it will cease to be so. You see, not having faced death is the reason that all those unhappy mortals are shrinking away in such terror. Now, at this moment, I feel as if, should that bony hand be placed on my shoulder—Good heavens! what's that?"

"Only Pauline," said Annie, smiling, as the maid burst suddenly into the room. "You have looked at those horrors too



long. I suppose she has come to tell us it is time for *table d'hôte*."

It was late in the evening, and Annie sat out on a little balcony of their sitting-room which overhung the Rhine. She was dressed, all ready to start on their long night journey. She had prepared early in order to enjoy to the last the delicious freshness of the river. The balcony overhung the water, and from it she gazed down into the grand, mighty-flowing Rhine, as black as the black sky above, and rolling heavily ever onwards. The shadows passing to and fro over the distant bridge streamed in broken spirit-like ripples down the current. Old stories passed through Annie's mind, of lovely ondines swimming with white outstretched arms, with long hair streaming; of frightful kobolds standing on the dark shore, waiting till an ondine should come near enough to seize by her floating hair, and draw her to earth and misery. Even now, in the dark, she could almost trace the passage of one of these sweet river spirits. She saw her start from under the bridge, and come floating on playfully, tossing bubbles and spray, which caught and entangled themselves in the quivering lights from the town. On she came, floating, dancing, and playing, and then flew past the balcony, disguised as a tossing, dark wavelet on the rushing Rhine.

"Dreaming, Annie?" said Rhoda's deep voice.

"I am glad you have come, Rhoda," she answered. "I have been dreaming; but I am awake now, and I wanted to speak to you."

"Yes, dear," answered her cousin, kneeling down beside her.

Annie put her arms round her neck, and began to speak with hesitation, looking away down the river.

"Rhoda, when first I made that pledge to contest Loughtonstone, my ideas were very different from what they are now. I was only a shadow of you, then, dear Rhodie, you had taught me so well. Now, lately a new sense has come over me. I cannot quite describe it; but it is a sense of individuality. My childhood is gone forever." She would not turn round to encounter the anxious pleading face of Rhoda, but went on—

"I used to think, as so many better and wiser than myself think, that in power of standing alone, of independence and strength, women were more than equal to men. Women are happier unmarried than men are generally—at least, I fancied so."

"Annie! what do you mean? has he said anything to you?"

"Nothing! only once, for one moment he betrayed himself. He loves me, Rhodie, and I—I am very much afraid I love him too."

"Annie!"

"Wait, Rhoda! hear me to the end. Did you hear what he said yesterday about his father?—he would disinherit him if he even proposed that you should take his place; if it is so,—if his feelings are so strong against a friend, who in this age of emancipation has ventured to have an intellect of her own,—what would they be should he discover that such an individual had been chosen by his son for his wife? No, Rhoda; with those words all that ended. I must never see him again; he will forget me, whom he has known for so short a time, and some one else will replace me in his heart; and I—I also will forget. I have had a vision, an idea of what that double life must be that old-fashioned people talk so much about. I have even for a little time believed that it would be best for me, happier, sweeter than that finer life for which you have educated me; but it is all over now. I put myself in your hands. Make a famous woman of me! Teach me to speak to crowds, harangue multitudes, not to falter before the House itself; I am myself again!"

"Annie, I breathe once more,"

"Some of your enthusiasm has come to me. I feel as if I could do anything. I am longing to arrive. I shall see my doings, speeches, canvassing, extolled in all the papers; and Captain Somers' haughty, selfish father shall hear of me, admire me in spite of himself; and notoriety and fame henceforth shall be more precious in my eyes than love."

With that the female candidate burst into a passion of tears.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE little borough of Loughtonstone is situated in one of the prettiest parts of England, a mixture of highly-cultivated green country and remnants of old forest land. Loughton Castle was in what might have been called a bad neighbourhood, for it was the only place of any mark near the town. The estate was very large, comprising a large portion of the town; and Colonel Greydon, its owner, was supposed to be always able to carry the seat by his influence. For thirty years he had sat in Parliament himself; then, his son being still too young to take up the he-

editary dignity, he caused his brother to stand, persuading him to do so much against his will, till his boy should have had a couple of years in the army at least. But the two years turned out to be nearer four, for the Prussian war having broken out, retirement became out of the question: and after a year's service abroad, the young soldier returned to find his faithful uncle endeavouring with yearning anxiety to get a little pet bill of his own through the House, which caused another year's delay.

Now, with the rapidity of lightning, came the startling announcement that the new writs were out, and like a thunder-bolt fell on the constituents of Loughtonstone the news that their borough was about to be contested. At first, when the news spread, no one would believe it—it was ridiculous, out of the question; and greater still was their astonishment when it was further rumoured that the candidate was a woman. A strange agent arrived on the very day of the dissolution, and took Pineapple Cottage, a little white house with green shutters and a long balcony, a little way out of the town, in the main street. The agent was wonderfully active; he had organized a committee, appointed a chairman, portioned out the town for canvassing, before the worthy citizens knew where they were; and before the second night was over the constituents awoke to find the whole town placarded with enormous white placards,—"Vote for the Female Candidate! Herbert forever!"

If consternation was great in the town, it was ten times greater in the castle; no one for a while dared to break it to the old colonel, but it could not be long concealed. Secure in his position, as he imagined himself, he contented himself with telegraphing for his son on the second day; and mounting his favourite old hunter, rode down to the town to call on the mayor, choose the days most convenient to himself for his son's speeches, and make arrangements for the issue of his address as soon as he should send it. Great was the shock that awaited him. At the first sight of one of Scoton's placards he grew purple, and reined in his horse with a force to which his old companion was unaccustomed. He did not like contradiction any more than his master did, and snorting and grunting, he began to kick lustily: the colonel reined him in, striking him lightly with his reins as he bent forward to read the hateful inscription,—"Quiet, sir, quiet!"

At this moment a crowd of boys and young men came past, evidently already in the excitement of an impending election, and seeing the placard, and the old colonel on his horse kicking in front of it, they shouted mischievously, "Long live the female candidate!—Herbert forever!" Colonel Greydon relaxed his rein, and turning his horse, spurred that indignant animal, making it gallop out of the town, and did not stop till it stood snorting before the castle door.

Two or three days passed, and every day fresh advances of the Radical canvass were reported, but the candidate had not yet appeared; and the proud old colonel determined that less should be done than usual—he would not enter into competition with a female—he would not call her a woman.

Sunday morning came,—one of those brilliant sunny days in hot August that seem all alive with happy insect life, all silent from the work of busy man.

The castle stood in a part of the park which had been old forest land: the round tower only remained of an Edwardian building; the rest had transformed itself into a large roomy country-house; the comfortable drawing-rooms and library were on the ground-floor, with windows opening on to the forest ground. The colonel would allow no smooth lawn or flowers in front; all such were banished to the back or western side, where a pretty flower-garden lay.

It was breakfast-time, the hot rolls and yellow butter already set out, the mirrors shining brightly and reflecting all the pretty decorations of that sunny breakfast-room. Outside the French window, waiting till their father should appear, strolled two very pretty brown-haired girls. One of them held an evening paper in her hand, and both had an expression of amused anxiety on their faces.

"What shall I do, Amy?" said the elder; "shall I give it to papa as if nothing had happened, and let him find it out for himself?"

"Wait till he has had his breakfast."

"But he is sure to ask for it at once."

"Very well, Alice, only turn it so that it does not come on him at once as too much of a shock. What a lovely morning!"

"It will be delicious, walking to church."

"Come along, girls," sounded from the open window, and they went in, Amy putting the alarming paper with an air of too obvious unconcern upon a side-table.

"Is that the evening paper? Give it to

me, and make my tea quickly, child; I am rather late this morning."

While Alice applied herself to her tea-making, the colonel crossed his legs, adjusted his gold eye-glasses on his nose, and leaning back in his chair, held the paper some way from him and skimmed through its contents.

"Hullo!"—the two girls started and looked at each other guiltily: but the colonel said no more; he tossed aside the paper as if it had stung him, and with a frown which almost made his grey eyebrows meet, cracked his egg.

"When did your brother say he would come, Alice?" he said, gruffly.

"He said in his last letter about Tuesday week, papa; but, of course, he could hurry home if you wished it."

"Not I; he shall not hurry home a single day sooner; I will have no show of opposition made."

"Not even to remove the new placard, papa?"

"What new placard?"

"The one on the lodge-gate."

"D—n," quoth the colonel.

"Is there anything in the evening paper, papa?" said the privileged Amy, mischievously.

Colonel Greydon tossed the paper over to her, and buttered his toast with would-be tranquillity.

"Read the address," he said; and Amy read a little nervously:—

"TO THE ELECTORS OF LOUGHTON-STONE BOROUGH, STONESHIRE.

"GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,—I come before you for the first time as candidate for the honour of representing you in Parliament. Having so short a time before me for making the personal acquaintance of this important constituency, I announce immediately my principles and intentions. Gentlemen and Ladies,—I am a Radical; I am a female. I am a strong advocate for the Abolition of Spirituous Liquors Bill. I hold strongly to the establishment of the Rights of Females to sit in the Cabinet Bill; also of the General Redistribution of Property Bill. I shall vote, should you honour me with your confidence, for the Mixed Compulsory Upper Classes Education Bill, to be introduced this session; and will do my best to forward all bills tending to increase the progress and emancipation of our country from the trammels which are cast about it by the intolerance, ignorance, and tyranny of those who would oppress the majority of the English people,—the

weaker majority, weakened by oppression, by denial of the rights of education, to which every English female is entitled,—weakened by the tyranny which has been exercised for countless ages, but which this glorious century has begun to cast away, so that the future of our country rises like a rising sun, more brilliant, perhaps, for the darkness of the night—and over England's people; her laws and statutes, shall reign that majority which has learnt its long dormant power at last. Ladies and Gentlemen,—I claim your indulgence to one who stands forth for the first time in a public capacity; and should you favour me with your confidence, I shall make it the business of my life to forward your interests and add to the importance of your borough.

"ANNIE HERBERT."

The colonel was stamping about the room before she had done reading, but when it was over he came back.

"Get on with your breakfast, girls," he said. "You are dawdling so much that the servants will have a scramble to be ready for church." They obeyed, saying no more about the sore subject.

In another half-hour the three were on their way to church, walking down a green grass path through the part of the park which they called the forest: the trees at places touched each other overhead, forming a cool covering and shade from the August sun. About a mile of green woodland walk brought them to the church, a small beautiful building built by Colonel Greydon for the use of his own tenants and the villa portion of the straggling town, which was some way from the parish church.

After service, as they came out, Amy touched Alice's arm: "Look, Alice, look—there they are."

"Who? what?"

"The female candidate and her friend."

"Come this way and let me see—ah! it is easy enough to see which is the candidate and which is the friend."

"The dark one, of course?"

"Unquestionably."

"Come along," said the colonel. "What are you lingering for?"

"It is the female candidate, papa, and her friend."

"Well, what does the brazen hussy look like?" he said, striding on.

"Very dark and handsome, with such a determined face and such a lovely gown; it must have come from Paris."

"But the friend, papa," cried Alice, "is

quite lovely; a little blue-eyed thing with exquisite golden hair, and the colour coming and going in her cheeks like a child; she does not look more than eighteen."

"Poor misguided child! she ought to be whipped and sent to bed."

All the resentful flush of eighteen mounted into Amy's face.

"After all, papa," she began, "women have a right to——"

"To what, my dear?"

"To——to——"

"To make fools of themselves; yes, my dear, as much as men. Far be it from me to deny such rights."

And they went in.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Now, Annie, you must do it; let us make haste and get it over."

"Rhoda, I can't; indeed I can't."

"Come, make haste; we have a great deal of canvassing to get through to-day."

"But his own lodge—what will they think of us? Has one really a right to interfere with his own people?"

"Nonsense; conscience, intellect, and votes are free—cannot be let or sold nowadays, thank heaven;" and Rhoda Langdon pushed past her friend, and knocked at the door of John Brand, the lodge-keeper of Greydon Castle.

"Come in, ladies; take a seat, ma'am," said Mrs. Brand, ushering them in. "Very glad to see you, ma'am; it is rare hot weather to be sure."

"I hope you are quite well," said Rhoda, amiably.

"Pretty well, thank you, ma'am. I enjoy good health as a rule, I does, and thank heaven for *that*, which am the mother of nine, and the youngest troubled with his teething, and don't get no better though I've given him a sight o' soothing-syrup; he's a hearty chap, he is, and takes a deal more nor the others did, bless 'im; but it don't seem to do him so much more good neither."

"How old is he, Mrs. Brand?" said Annie, gently.

"Better nor thirteen months, he is, and a finer baby nor he is of his age ye'll not see on a summer's day, though I say it as shouldn't, being the mother o' nine, and have brought 'em all up, bless 'em, but I'll not deny as I've one as is a poor thing, a very poor thing, and 'as given me a good bit o' trouble in my day."

"Poor little thing!" said Annie. "How old is she?"

"Well, Tom, he's nine, and Bill's eight, and Betsy's seven, and Jack's six. I'm

thinking as Sairy-Anne must be five, to be sure."

"What is the matter with her?" said Rhoda, abstractedly.

"Well, ma'am, I can't say as there's anything really the matter with her; but she's a poor thing, pale-like, and cries awful sometimes. I think it's something of a pine. Here, Sairy-Anne, come and speak to the ladies; come, drop your curtsy; here she is, ma'am, and many a time I think as I'll not rear her."

The pale, overgrown child twisted her apron, wondering.

"I know something that would certainly do her good, Mrs. Brand," said Annie eagerly. "May I send you a bottle of it for her? It is cod-liver oil."

"Indeed, miss, and I thank you kindly, and I'll be too glad to give her the oils. Mrs. Jones, as keeps the little shop, first turning down Hammoth Lane, she'd two as went off in a pine, much as this'n's going off, and the oils did them a sight o' good. She'd buried four, she had; but she was a weakly one herself, she was."

"I will bring you the bottle to-morrow," said Annie.

"Now, my good woman," began Rhoda, "I want to talk to you about more serious things. Do you take much interest in the political crisis now hanging over the town?"

"Ma'am?"

"Is your husband a Radical or a Conservative?"

"'Deed, ma'am, and it's more than I can say—my husband were always true blue; but he says to me yesterday, 'Nance,' he says, 'if either o' them 'lectioneering misses come to this here house, you leaves 'em to me.' And they've not come anigh the place. 'What could they want with the like o' us?' says I: and my husband flushes up, and he says, says he, 'One man's vote's as good as another, and it's worth their trouble to see what they can get.' He's a hasty man, is my Tom, he is, bless 'im."

"Is your husband at home now?" asked Rhoda, growing rather red.

"Yes, ma'am, he is; but lawks! you're none of them as canvasses, are you, ma'am?"

"Yes, I am," said Rhoda, calmly; "and in a few moments' conversation I think I shall be able to convince him."

"Convince my Tom! Law bless you, ma'am, it'll take a sight o' time to do that; but I'll tell him you are here—he's in the kitchen."

"I think I will go to him, if I may,"

said Rhoda, feeling that to expound her views before this voluble mother of nine was little short of an impossibility. "Annie, will you wait for me here?"

Annie was only too glad; and turning with great eagerness to the lodge-keeper's wife, entreated to be allowed to see the baby. Mrs. Brand merely lifted a shawl off something in the corner, and displayed the most beautiful baby Annie had ever seen, lying in a profound sleep; its little dimpled hands were on the blue cotton coverlet, its soft brown curls were tossed all above the pillow, the rosy mouth a little open, and the round cheeks flushed with sleep.

"Oh, what a beautiful boy!" she said, bending over him.

"And he is, indeed, bless him, and a regular Rooshian he is when he's up and about, for he's stout on his legs already, ma'am—the earliest on his legs as I've had, 'cepting Lizzie, as walked at eleven months. Miss Alice said as this here one was a progeny; and she says as she will give me some little sweeties as'll make him better with his teeth, which I hope it may, and as I wasn't to use no more o' the 'Blessing to Mothers,' which it's on the bottle, and a beautiful inscription about the little sufferer."

"She is quite right," said Annie. "Does she often come and see you?"

"Most every day she or Miss Amy drops in, or the colonel after Tom, or Miss Alice after Lizzie and Tom, as is in her class, and mostly stays for a few words with a body."

"You must be very fond of them?"

"Fond! ay, that we are, we as have seen 'em born so to speak; leastwise I have, for I were called in when the colonel's lady was took ill, and Miss Amy she were three days old—and a poor thing she was, bless her—when her poor dear mother were took ill, and died in a week, and the colonel were never the same man after that, turned as grey as my Tom is now, and that were nigh on eighteen years ago. Blest if that isn't Miss Amy a coming up the garden-gate, and all her dogs with her, bless 'em. Fond of 'em! I should think we were, to be sure." And she hastened to open the door and admit her visitor.

Annie hung timidly back as Amy Greydon came in, followed by three Skyes and a fine fox-terrier. Amy was talking eagerly.

"I am so sorry about it, Mrs. Brand, and it shall not happen again; but Nettle has become so very mischievous, that I can scarcely control him at all."

"Bless you, miss, don't think no more about it—it's but one chicken after all; and, bless you, the captain's dog is welcome to it."

"I should not have cared so much if it had been Skye, or Fidget, or Doonah; but Jack will say that I have completely spoiled Nettle."

Annie could not help sneezing at this moment; her sneeze awoke Amy to consciousness of her existence; she came cautiously forward.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I did not know that any one was here."

"Has one of your dogs been doing mischief?" said Annie, smiling.

"My brother's dog has eaten a chicken," answered Amy, with grave concern.

"Ar-r-r-r, Nettle! Ar-r-r, bad dog! Ar-r-r, chicken! Do you hear? Ar-r-r-r-r."

The dog slunk under the table, and, putting its two paws together, begged.

"You see how irresistible he is," said Amy, laughing; "and he does not care for anything I say—bad dog!"

But hearing her laugh, Nettle had jumped up and was wagging his tail. The other Skyes had all sat down, two with smiling faces and red tongues hanging out, the third enjoying a most comfortable scratch.

"Do you always take such a large pack out with you?" said Annie.

"Yes, unless papa wants them; but he has the big dogs to-day: we change about. I had almost forgotten my message, Mrs. Brand. Papa wants Brand by the three oaks at once, there is a little elm to be cut down there. See! he is coming himself."

The latch-gate opened, and the colonel twisting his cane in one hand, called lustily, "Brand! Brand, I say!"

Out rushed the lodge-keeper, and Rhoda, finding herself deserted, returned to the parlour.

"Come, Annie!" she said; "it is time that we should be going on."

Annie stooped down and kissed the sweet little face of the sleeping child, and bowing smilingly to Amy, followed her cousin. The colonel and Tom Brand were standing by the gate, and the former seeing two handsome, well-dressed young ladies in his own lodge, lifted his hat courteously.

"Who are they, Tom?" he asked. The lodge-keeper answered with an irrepressible chuckle, "Law, sir! they be the female candidate!"

The colonel again gave vent to an ejaculation not intended for ears polite.



"Well, Rhoda, and how have you fared?"

"Not so well as I could wish," she answered. "Can stupid ignorance go further? He listened to all I had to say, and I was quite fluent to-day—you know how fluent I can be sometimes; and when I had finished, he said (it was so coarse, Annie)—he said, 'All right, ma'am; but I, for my part, thinks as women ought to keep their proper places.' 'Define,' said I—'Define!' he answered: 'well, I'll define, asking your pardon, if I seems rude—which were made first, Adam or Eve? Adam, in course; and what were Eve made for?' For the first time, Annie, since I began to think about these things, I was puzzled to answer, only because of the ignorance of the creature; and he actually got up and fetched a large Bible and read out in *such* an accent, 'And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make an help meet for him.' 'And that's why woman was made, ma'am, and no mistake—because it wasn't good for man to be alone, and for no other reason in life; and I should like to see my missus a-disputing of it.' Then he began to harangue me. I'll never go near the house again!" Annie could not help laughing, though Rhoda's face was flushed and her lips pouting.

"We must not be disheartened by a first rebuff," she said. "I have been more fortunate; I made great friends with Mrs. Brand."

"And I saw you kissing the baby; you are the best canvasser after all, Annie!"

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From Temple Bar.

#### T'OTHER SIDE O' THE WATER.

BY ONE WHO KNOWS THIS SIDE.

WHEN Paxton was building his glass case for the Great Exhibition of 1851, many and various were the prophecies emitted as to the effect which the coming show was to have upon the sons of men. It was to bring about Armageddon; it was to tuck up the lion (in a single bed) with the lamb; it was to uncork the vials of wrath; it was to harmonize all national animosities, and make the nations a band of brothers; it was to set us all by the ears; and, lastly, it was to demoralize poor innocent London—teach naughtiness to the Haymarket, and "bad form" to the New Cut. We all know what it did, or, perhaps, I had better say what it

did *not* do, for peace. The trees it enclosed were hardly green again before the Crimean war broke out. Then, in rapid succession, Italy, France, and Austria, Spain and Morocco, Austria, Prussia, and Denmark; Prussia and Austria; Prussia and France flew at each other's throats. The unhappy lamb has been discussed with gunpowder sauce, and science has turned from reaping-machines (which supplant the poetical "hook") to make the big guns which stand in place of the typical sword. As for morality—I knew the London of 1851 pretty well, and have studied other capital cities since—I really do not think we had much, that was bad, to learn. If we had, we should have learned it, though the Koh-i-noor and its policeman had never been exhibited; though Mr. Oastler had not erected his fountain for a trysting-place; and the funny little animals from Wurtemberg had stayed at home. With these experiences before my eyes, I will not (though of course I could) dream dreams, and prophesy about the coming Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. Thirty days after sight, I promise to honour any bill that may be drawn upon me on this account, but decline to put my name to paper—Micawber fashion. There are people who bind *Temple Bar*.

Thousands of Britishers (they must get accustomed to the words) will make the Centennial an excuse for visiting the United States; and the object of these lines is to prepare them for what they will find amongst one of the kindest, and certainly the most touchy, people in the world. In France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Belgium, Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Timbuctoo—the travelling Englishman of the period finds everything made as nearly as possible *English* for him. He is seldom able to growl in the vernacular, and even when he can, he may do so in all the tongues of Babel, so that he pay his bill. After all, there is some comfort in saying "The — fellow don't understand." In the States, the — fellow *will* understand the Britisher; but he won't make anything British to please him, at any price. The average Briton—who is Chinese in his hatred and contempt of anything new, particularly in the shape of personal accommodation, will be much exercised; and it is with a view to prepare him for the shocks he will receive that these pages are printed.

As providers against a rush, American railway men have yet to be tried. For myself, I fancy that such a crowd as goes

to the Derby, for example, could not be accommodated and controlled in New York. There would be favouritism and violence. The police would not keep their temper, or the people, in such numbers, submit to rule. There would be shooting, *sure*. But the rush to the Centennial will not be of this order, and I have no doubt that proper provisions will be made to meet it. I can only deal with the normal state of things. I will suppose you have arrived at New York. Do not trust those who tell you that a five-dollar bill slipped into the hands of a custom-house officer will do any good. It won't. You may sow the seed if you like, but it will bear no fruit—for you. State frankly to the officials who board the ship what you have in your trunks. "A few small presents" will cover anything in reason. Be quick with your keys, and slow with your tongue, and a mystic chalk-mark on your "things" will reward you. Now comes your trouble. No nimble dock-porter is there to put those "things" on a cab; no cab to put them on. You must get them to the dock gates somehow, where you have your choice between an hotel "stage" and a "hack," which latter is a good-looking barouche drawn by a pair of good-looking horses and driven by a bad-looking Irishman. The stage, I would rather not describe. Sala is the only man who could do justice to it. I can only say this,—if you take it, take also a bottle of tincture of arnica with you—*verb. sap. sat.*

You will hear of hotels "conducted on the English plan;" avoid them as you would a pestilence. I could make a large fortune by telling you where to go, but as the proprietor of this magazine admits advertisements only on the outer leaves, I must refrain. Go to an American hotel. The young man at the "office" will be serene, imposing, diamond-studded, mystic, wonderful! but far more obliging than the duchesses with ginger hair, who infest the bars of lesser establishments at home. Write down your name in the book, and if you have a title suppress it. It is better to be seen as *Russell* or *Stanley*, than to be called *Mr. Bedford* or *Mr. Derby*, I think. You will be told that the American system ties you down to breakfast, lunch, and dine at fixed hours, and that this is a horrid bore. Don't believe it. There are not four hours in the day during which *some* meal is not being served, in a first-class American hotel, and with the most moderate amount of *nous* you can make breakfast at luncheon, and dinner at supper (if your engagements do not allow you

to join the regular meals), and fare better for your four dollars a day than you could even in your London club for a guinea. But you don't want to live so high. There is the rub. You cannot be content with ham and eggs for breakfast, and the joint for dinner at an American hotel. Let us sit down and count the relative cost and sum up the relative return. *British Hotel*: Bed, three and six; breakfast, two and six; dinner, four and six; attendance, one and six; luncheon or supper, two shillings—total: fourteen shillings. *American Hotel*: Lodging; what you please (out of twenty choices) for breakfast; what you please (out of as many) for luncheon; what you please (out of forty) for dinner, with ices and fruit to wind up with; what you like, again, for supper—total: four dollars, equal to (say) fifteen shillings a day. You can have second-rate accommodation (very good) for three dollars. I have calculated the British rates upon the ham and eggs, and joint style of living. Go in beyond this, and how far will your fifteen shillings go?

In an American hotel you cannot have your boots (*they* call them shoes) blacked unless you go down to the barber's shop; and when you ring for anything you—well, you'll have to wait. After a lapse of twenty minutes a gentleman will come sauntering along the passage as though he were going to his own funeral, and could have it postponed if he didn't get there in time. He will listen with urbanity to your request, and retire. After another interval you ring again; another attendant arrives at his leisure, and "reckons that the other man forgot." This is, of course, a bore; but try to remember what you want before you go up to your room, and set against it these facts—that without going beyond the precincts of your hotel you can be shaved, have your hair cut (or dressed if you be feminine), can buy newspapers, books, cigars, gloves, hosiery, trunks, a railway ticket to any part of the States, a place at any theatre, insure your life, and (often) find a doctor in case of illness; and I fancy there is no cause for tears because the room-attendance is bad.

"Hacks" are very dear, and hackmen, for rapacity and insolence, you will find decidedly in advance of the British cab-driver; but you rarely want a hack. There are few points of interest in any city of the United States known to me, which cannot be reached in the ordinary street-car, for fares ranging from five to ten cents the trip. If the Londoner, accustomed to the worst public convey-

ances (bar hansoms) not only in England, but the world, chooses to think that because his 'bus is "low" all other popular conveyances are to be despised, he can hire a hack for a pound sterling, and go over less ground with more shaking and delay than the cars will take him for half-a-crown. In the south, he will find young ladies, as refined and well-dressed as any he ever met, going to balls in the street-cars. But these have climate on their side, and know not Mrs. Grundy.

During a recent visit to England I wanted to "make connections" between the Temple Station of the Underground Railway and Richmond, and back again. Not an official at one end or the other could tell me how, when, or where. I had only a six months' holiday, and therefore no time to study your so-called railway guides. Now, if I had gone to an American ticket-office, and asked my way from New York to some small town in Texas, or from San Francisco to Mobile; have demanded how long the journey would take, how much it would cost, and where I should have to change cars, I should have been answered in five minutes. Therefore take heart, oh my friend! and with it your ticket from the office in your hotel. The hotel "stage" will carry your luggage (I am supposing you to be on the wing again) to the dépôt — pronounced *deep* — oh — where another sad trial awaits you. There are no railway porters. You must get your "things" to the express office how you can, and this done, you have your reward. A twin brass cheque with leather straps, and a number on them; one is fastened to each "thing," and the other handed to you. Rest and be thankful. If your journey be for an hour, or a week; pass over one line or twenty, entail no change, or be full of changes, it is all the same. At its end you have only to give that brass cheque to the express man who will "board the train" in good time, tell him where you want the "things" to be sent, and they will be there very nearly as soon as you are. The whole operation costs less than you would pay as "tips" to porters at home.\*

By this time the untravelled Britisher has had a foretaste of what a "sleeper" is like. The real Pullman is about as much better than the car which runs under that name on English railways, as such car is better than your ordinary first-class

carriage. This last is, in my opinion, much more comfortable than the usual American car. The real Pullman sleeping-car can hardly be improved upon.

The operation of going to the play in England and in America is by no means the same thing. American ladies do not err on the side of laxity where dress is concerned, and upon occasion "pile it up" pretty steep; but they have agreed that they can go to the theatre in their bonnets or their hats, and hereout springs all the difference. Paterfamilias, or Brother Tom, surprised after dinner by a happy thought, can say, "Put on your hats, girls, and I'll take you to see Raymond." No deliberation is required, no alteration of dinner-time is necessary; no dressing, no trouble about the carriage, no sending for a cab. You jump into a street-car, walk a block or two, perhaps, and there you are. The play begins at eight, and is over by eleven. The pit is all (what you call) stalls. A paper dollar (three and two-pence) admits to all the best seats, and (if you have not taken them beforehand) the numbers of your places are handed you with your cheques, as you pay at the doors. No imps outside shrieking "bill of the play." No box-keeper within ravening for a "tip;" no faded female wheezing after you with a footstool. An usher shows you to your seat, hands you a programme, and leaves you in peace.

Now, I admit that a dress-circle or stalls, studded with ladies in evening dress, is a very pretty sight, and if the regulation in force at London theatres would insure its presentment, I, for one, would vote for no bonnets. But English ladies have ceased to dress for the theatre. As a rule, they just uncover their heads, not always taking the trouble to dress their hair. Indeed, I have recently been told by my eyes, and had it explained to me, that it is considered "good form" to go untidy to the play. Taking things as I find them, therefore, I predict that if you will put your prejudices aside when you enter an American theatre, you will find that jaunty little hats and bonnets crown the edifice of the female form divine much more agreeably than the sort of *coiffures* you find in vogue at home. I also admit that during the run of a successful piece (say at New York), or a star engagement in the provinces, you cannot take the girls upon the spur of the moment, and be sure that you can place them where they will see, and — what they will consider as equally important — be seen. You must secure seats beforehand; but this done,

\* As the living, by the way, is always indifferent, and slides from bad to execrable as you go south, it is well to start with a basket, which your waiter at the hotel will get filled for you.

your troubles are at an end. You dine at your usual hour, you get back in reasonable time. If you walk home, you need be under no apprehension that your daughters will see sights presented by their own sex which may give rise to inconvenient questionings. I do not pretend that great American cities are more pure than great English ones, but they don't allow these moral gutters to run open through the streets as in the Strand and Haymarket.

Shopping the Britisher will do well to avoid, unless driven thereto by stern necessity. His sovereign—for which he will obtain about five dollars and thirty-five cents in paper money—will represent the purchasing power of seven shillings in England, or as many francs on the Continent of Europe. There used to be stores in New York and Boston where curios could be picked up at a trifling cost; but now, alas! the *bric-à-brac* epidemic has been imported, and quaint old furniture, and ancient, ugly china command prices which would turn a Wardour-Street dealer green with envy.

As it was in the days of Eliza Pogram, so is it in this centennial year of grace. I have great fears about the Exhibition at Philadelphia. If it prove a success, the British vocabulary of adjectives will fall sadly short of what will be expected from British scribes. If it be a failure, woe to those who put the lamentable fact on paper!—it will be all their fault. In the present state of the American press it is not sufficient to praise the thing exhibited. The person of the exhibitor must be trotted out, a short biography published, with delicate allusions to his wife's diamonds, or the size of her shoes, and a compliment paid to the "amiable and intelligent," "respected and gentlemanly," "handsome and efficient" (these eulogies are always slipped, like greyhounds, in couples) clerk, who attends to the show-case, and is certain to be a "major." Never forget to give an American his title. He will make it a point of honour not to give you yours; but never mind. If you have written yourself down Lord Allecampagne, or Sir Carnaby Jenks, on the hotel register, the clerk at the office will always call you *Mister* Allecampagne, and *Mister* Jenks; but will frown and allot you a bad room if you forget to style him *Colonel*.

In conversation, avoid the mistake so often committed, and productive of much bitterness, of measuring American institutions with a British rule, and viewing American society from a British standpoint. Take the word of one who has

lived some time in the country with his ears and eyes open, and believe that no such comparisons can properly be drawn. The things *seem* alike, but they are not. The roots are different, the soil different, the fruit different; and the climate and culture quite unlike. There are depotisms flourishing in the United States unfelt which would send a Russian mujik crazy. There are hardships in your own country which you have not yet discovered, but which set the average American's blood aboil. Among themselves Americans cannot agree upon the facts which founded their own institutions political and social, or upon the causes which have led some of them into corruption and decay. Politics you will find to be mere mud-throwing. Your Democratic friends will tell you that all the trouble arises out of the rascality of the Republicans. These latter will assure you that but for their political opponents the country would be peopled with angels of light. In one city you will find one party thieving; in another, the other side feathering its nest. If an English paper were to publish an account of how Mr. Disraeli had stolen the soap from his room in a country house where he was visiting, you would think it a bad joke. Such a thing once printed of an American statesman would go the round of all the opposition papers as a shameful fact! Any stick is good enough to beat a politician on this side the water. Therefore eschew politics, and bear in mind that the American people and those whom they permit to govern them are two different races. Look to your own vestries, and you will partly understand this. The American people are hearty, honest, and busy; so busy that they have no time to look after the politicians. The politicians are too greedy (under the rotation-in-office principle) to care what becomes of the people, so that they get their place, or keep their place, or find a place for friends who will take care of them. You Britishers have gone through the same mill. The times of Grant are those of Walpole. You mended matters by approaching universal suffrage; we shall do the same by receding from it. What is your meat is our poison, that is all.

In the best sense of the word *polite*, the Americans (male and female) are the politest people I have met with in rather an extensive life-march. Therefore, I pray you, do not expect to find "good form." Leave it behind you on the landing-stage at Liverpool, or let the fish have it in the Irish Channel. Do not conclude

that a man is a "fernal cad" because he shakes hands with you, and proposes "a drink." Be not surprised if you are laughingly told that your money "is no account here," and if others pay for you when you go out to "see the tiger" with your new acquaintances. After the words "will you join me" in the South, you may eat, and drink, and drive, and visit the theatre, and do anything you please—except put your hand in your pocket. Be good enough to remember this when you return to the land of your birth, and meet with an American. Should your vanity lead you to suppose that the reception given to you by ladies is the result of your overpowering attractions, remark how the fair creatures greet the stranger next presented, and correct your notions. They mean to put you at your ease—no more. Presume, and you will be very quickly placed in a different position. You are not to suppose that being addressed constantly as "Sir" implies bad breeding, or subserviency; and you will do well to season your own conversation with that word and *Madam*. Bear in mind that—in the ears of your American friends—you are speaking English with an accent; so have some consideration for those who—as you fancy—are talking through their nose. You must be prepared to hear a good many words used in a sense which is unfamiliar to you, and to find yourself misunderstood when you employ others about the meaning of which you do not entertain a doubt. Thus *clever* on t'other side the water does not mean that the object is intellectual, or quick at acquiring knowledge, but that he or she is *cunning*. *Cunning* (American) means quaintness, with a dash of the winsome in it. Thus a pretty, engaging child is "quite a *cunning* little thing." *Mad* means angry. If you want to say that so-and-so is insane, you call him *crazy*. Homely (English) means ugly in the United States; and there, Venus herself would be *ugly* if out of temper. You must not say that the weather or the room is *hot*. Male birds are *roosters*, and America has no more *legs* than had the queen of Spain. Its people have *limbs*—four of them. A *smart* man may be a sloven, provided he is a trickster. *Nice* is not to be applied to persons, and *nasty* is a word which should be avoided altogether. American prepositions are not on good terms with what are considered their subjects in the old country. You live *on* a street, travel *on* a train or steamer. A house is "*for* rent," and a coach "*to* hire."

Goods are advertised to be sold "*at* auction," and you eat jelly *to* your turkey. If you hear an "*h*" dropped or maltreated, be sure that the speaker is British. Such phrases as "*you was*" or "*was you*" do not necessarily imply want of education. They are conventionalities which crop out even in print. Upon the whole, if you take to picking holes in each other's grammar, the average American will get the better of you, for he has been well grounded in it in the days of his youth, and the average English boy has picked up its rules anyhow.

What with recent disclosures in public life, and the intense vulgarity of a large portion of their press, the people of the United States come heavily weighted to the post. My fear is lest their great show should have its vitals preyed upon by some *ring*, or, in turf language, that its national departments should be "got at." Otherwise, it will serve well. Anyhow, if the Britisher will come over with even a moderate determination to be pleased with the country and its citizens, he will take a large stock of good feeling back with him.

From The Spectator.

#### THE NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES OF INDIVIDUALS.

NATIONAL antipathies have often been discussed, though we do not think they have often been well explained—the cause, for instance, of the slight repulsion between a true Englishman and a true American is very far to seek, as far as the attraction which nevertheless draws them together—but there is something more difficult to explain than national antipathy, and that is, the antipathy of individuals towards nations. That is, we believe, one of the strongest of the feelings which do not rise to be passions, and one of the most universally diffused. The uncultivated sometimes do not feel it, in the form of dislike to particular nations, but hate all foreigners impartially and alike; but among the cultivated we doubt if there is one who, if pressed, would not acknowledge that he disliked some one people very cordially; that he distrusted their motives, that he doubted their virtues, that he did not wish them success, and that he was conscious all the while of being a little unreasonable in the matter, and of being pleased, and as it were relieved in his conscience, by feeling that his dislike for the nation did not extend to in-



dividuals of the nation. The feeling is usually unimportant, a mere flaw in the mind, not visible except in rare lights, but sometimes it reveals itself very unmistakably as a positive mental defect. There are men, as all editors know well, who cannot be trusted to write about the nations of their antipathy, who seem, when considering them, to lose their power of judgment, to have their insight clouded, to be as incapable not only of foresight, but of fairness, as angry children. There are hundreds of men in England, cultivated and cool men, who cannot reason on Irish politics, whose judgment, usually sound, and impartiality, often serene, is overborne by a mental surge of dislike of which they are themselves conscious and ashamed. Dr. Johnson could not away with Scotchmen, Mr. Carlyle could not, we fear, be pictorial about Northern Americans, Mr. Trollope can never keep down a sort of angry spitefulness against a Jew, the late Lord Derby's favourite antipathy was an Italian, and Mr. Froude always leaves an impression that in his inner mind Irishmen had better be killed out. On the other hand, Charles Dickens had the strongest liking for Frenchmen, having caught, curiously enough, what most Englishmen fail to see, the impression of their strong domestic affections; Thackeray, so bitter against Irishmen, never failed to bring out the *bonhomie* of his French characters; and Charles Reade very often uses an American as his good but grotesque angel.

There is no need of illustrations; every one knows the strength of antipathies and likings of the kind, and the only difficulty is to account for them. Of course, where there is ignorance they are easily accounted for. The victim of the prepossession attributes some quality which he detests to the particular foreigner, assumes that all foreigners of that nation possess that quality, and hates the nation ever after, with a vehemence which would be amusing, did it not blind him so lamentably. The average Englishman cannot be persuaded that the French, who as a nation are almost Chinese in their conservatism, are not the most fickle people in Europe, and as he hates fickleness, dislikes them; just as he cannot be persuaded that silly, humorous levity is not the distinguishing mark of Irishmen, who, except the Bretons, are perhaps the only essentially melancholy people on this side of the world. Almost all persons have a hatred of some people they know nothing about, but that hatred, if traced, will always be found due

to an impression, true or false; and it is an imaginary character that is hated, and not the people supposed to embody it. We have twice known the whole Chinese people to be detested in this way by cultivated persons, who when cross-examined were found to be merely expressing their detestation of callousness in the incarnate form of Chinamen. The form of hatred which is really difficult to explain is that which accompanies knowledge, thorough knowledge, as complete as a man usually possesses about his own countrymen. That hatred exists, however. Englishmen who have resided years in a foreign country frequently come away with a detestation of its people, their ways, their characters, and their policy which positively clouds their judgments and disturbs their perceptive powers. Lord Hammond, we do not doubt, could give many serious and yet ludicrous illustrations of a hatred which had rendered envoys almost useless, while the converse, the rapid growth of extreme liking for a particular people, is a trouble to every foreign office in the world. The hatred, too, like the liking, seems to develop itself in defiance of antecedent probabilities. One would suppose that an Englishman would "take to" Germans before any other people, but though Teutonomania is common enough among us, dislike of an extreme and unreasonable kind is quite as frequent. The late Mr. Mayhew lost his geniality altogether when he wrote of Germans, just as Mrs. Trollope did when she wrote of Americans; and we know several persons, three in particular, who, having lived years in Germany, do not know how to speak of the people with patience. They have suffered nothing from them, they rather admire their higher qualities, but they hate them hard. The same dislike accompanied with knowledge is common among Frenchmen, and we should, on our personal observation, add Americans, who have lived much in England — it was distinctly perceptible in Hawthorne — while it is, on the whole, the rule rather than the exception among Englishmen who have lived long in Switzerland, that puzzling country, where the people seem able to do everything except develop considerable men. France charms the great majority of mankind, but there are Englishmen whom no length of residence cures of their dislike, while it seems nearly impossible for a Frenchman to esteem Italians, nearly related to them as he is, even to the degree that Austrians esteem them. One would say that an

observant, rather dreamy American, who thoroughly knew any part of Germany, would like either all Germans or the section of them he knew, but Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies"—a book most attractive for its thoughtfulness, its acid humorousness, and its insight—is seriously injured by the sort of passion of dislike which breaks out in almost every page, a dislike the more remarkable because Mr. Hawthorne, unlike his father, does not dislike the English. Knowledge, which usually produces liking, in this instance has only produced hatred, and there are hundreds of others. We fancy that in all such cases the nation hated or loved jars upon or gratifies one or more of those unacknowledged preferences which are rather instincts than mental operations, till intercourse becomes a perpetual renewed annoyance, like intercourse with esteemed but unpalatable friends. The faculty of criticism wakes up under the annoyance of feeling that it ought to be kept down, till it occupies too large a space in the mind. We imagine, for example, that a German, who, after a long residence in England, disliked Englishmen—a very rare case—would usually be a man of the Heine type, though, of course, without Heine's powers, with an unconquerable vexation at the English limitations of mind, and Philistinism, and inability to let emotion get fairly to the top. Englishmen who hate Ireland after a long residence there are almost always worshippers of efficiency, success, the habit of correlating means and ends; and Irishmen who hate England in the same way pant for unreasonableness, or rather non-reasonableness, for the freedom from strong restraint in which Englishmen hold friendship and effusiveness and the emotional qualities. The only Anglo-Italian we ever knew who hated Italy could not abide the Italian tolerance, which, no doubt, is pushed to weakness; and of every one of the many Englishmen we have known who disliked France, every one was influenced by a dislike of a real defect in the French character, the form of selfishness best expressed, perhaps, by their own word *exigence*, though the prejudiced would say that graspingness was more true. This is obviously the case with the very able man who recently published a little pamphlet on the land-transfer system in France, showing how he had been robbed. We personally know him to be a cool, tolerant man of the world, unusually accustomed to deal with men given to small chicane, and very

good-tempered; but still he writes as if a Frenchman were first of all a rogue, and even attempts a philosophical explanation of his tendency to roguery. He is irritated, like many Englishmen, with the small greedinesses of very thrifty people, till he misjudges a national character. The incident is of constant recurrence, and is one of the many obstacles in the way of a full comprehension of one people by another. It is so difficult to think that the man who has resided so long among a people, and knows their ways so well, can mistake their national character, and confuse its superficial aspects with its essential meaning. It is so, however, and is one of the many reasons which to this moment induce Englishmen to believe that Frenchmen are light and fickle, that Irishmen are merry, that Germans are placable, that Italians are weak, that Scotchmen are cool to apathy, and that Americans are guided mainly by intelligent self-interest.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE CONDITIONS OF BUSINESS SUCCESS.

THE result appears to justify completely the anticipation which we formed a fortnight ago of the amount of the wealth accumulated by the millionaire of New York, Mr. A. T. Stewart. That wealth will certainly not fall short of £16,000,000 sterling, and may amount to as much more as would make a man a very great millionaire in England, though that would not exceed a sixteenth, or at most an eighth of the sum named. But the very minute, though not always very consistent, accounts of Mr. Stewart with which the American journals are so characteristically filled, and his will, which has been now published, all bring out one somewhat interesting point—namely, that great success as a man of business, implies capacity at once exceedingly rare in its degree, and exceedingly ordinary in its kind. There is nothing which has been told of Mr. Stewart which is not ordinary in kind. His honesty, which was singularly firm, and was the root of his success, is, we hope, a quality ordinary in kind, though rarely so steady and inexorable in its resistance to circumstances of temptation. His chief business principle, to pay cash and insist on cash, and to turn over his stock as rapidly as possible, even at a partial sacrifice, was the principle of common sense, and in him only remarkable because, like

his other principles, he acted so steadily and with so organized a method upon it. It seems that in the commercial panic of 1837, when there was a general fall of values all over the commercial world, he promptly reduced his goods to cost-price, sold them off rapidly at that rate, and with the ready money thus acquired bought silks and other imported goods at sixty per cent. less than it would have cost to import them. In other words, he incurred the inevitable loss promptly, but turned it into a vast gain by using the resources thus acquired to obtain, in a market which was every day declining, the means of making a vast profit in future. So, too, he always reduced his stock at the end of the season, to prevent its remaining on hand, being aware that even a loss, followed rapidly by a succession of gains on the capital on which the loss had been incurred, would result much better than an ordinary profit very slowly made. All this was common sense, very steadily applied, and so was the policy by which Mr. Stewart prevented the loss which threatened him from the Civil War. The South traded largely with him, and of course it was certain that he would lose some of his best customers by their poverty and ruin. He saw the true way to fill up the gap, and bought up at once the materials which he knew that the Northern government would most need for the clothing and covering of the troops. When at last a large army had to be put into the field, Mr. Stewart was the only man with whom the government could contract for uniforms, blankets, and other such goods, and what he sold he sold of good quality and at reasonable prices. These are quite sufficient illustrations of the kind of faculty which made Mr. Stewart the richest, or next to the richest, man of his age,—ordinary qualities vigorously and pertinaciously acted upon, good sense systematized, and carried everywhere into detail. You see the same qualities in his will. There is nothing remarkable about it, except the good sense which kept it from being remarkable. His *employés* are to get handsome remembrances, but nothing that would in any sense strike the imagination or turn their heads; those who have been with him twenty years and upwards, are to get £200 each, those who have been only ten and upwards, £100. His friends, none of them, except his business adviser, Judge Hilton, get more than a few thousands sterling. Judge Hilton himself gets £200,000, a large fortune, but then he is to wind up the estate, —and the fortune,

large as it is, is but a drop in the ocean of Mr. Stewart's wealth. Of all the other legacies, the largest, apparently, is the bequest of £2,400 a year for life, to be divided between two sisters, of Mr. Stewart's acquaintance, and the whole to go to the survivor. Of bulk sums, the largest is £4,000. Certainly half a million would cover all the legacies bequeathed completely, including the large one to Judge Hilton. No doubt there are certain unspecified charitable objects which he enjoins upon his wife to carry out for him, but for the most part, Mr. Stewart seems to have acted with almost extraordinary good sense, on the principle of doing nothing extraordinary with his wealth, since he himself had no power of devising extraordinary safeguards that it should not be misused. He had apparently absolute confidence in his wife, to whom he had been married fifty-one years; and the best way of getting out of the scrape of possessing so much wealth when he was obliged himself to leave it, seemed to him to be to trust her with it, and give her a competent adviser. It was not a very brilliant use of vast wealth,—for the wealth far exceeds what one individual can really use, and the man who made it might at least have taken the responsibility of directing the use to be made of a substantial part of it after his own death. But it was a very sensible thing to do for a man who had been too busy making the wealth to devise its best application. And it was singularly wise not to scatter it among people of whom he knew little, by bequests which would turn their heads, and make them in all probability less useful citizens in time to come. Still, the will, like the mode of making the fortune, certainly illustrates the character of the qualities which best ensure remarkable success,—good sense very common in kind, but very unusual indeed in degree and in the extraordinary system with which it was applied to the actions of life. The good sense needful to make a great fortune, unfortunately by no means involves the good sense needful so to bequeath it that it may exercise anything like its full capacity for good after the death of its maker.

But it would be a great mistake to imagine that because it was to an extraordinary strength in ordinary faculties that Mr. Stewart owes his great fortune, there are many men living who could, under other circumstances, have accumulated such a fortune. We believe that great business qualities are quite as rare as any

other remarkable qualities. Only, being necessarily more ordinary in appearance, they are much less striking. Every really great man of business must have sufficient of the ordinary world in him to know it well, and to know some of its characteristics very much better than other people. A confident mastery of even one or two secrets of the business world, unspoiled by any compensating deficiency anywhere else, may be enough to make such wealth as Mr. Stewart's; but then a confident mastery of such secrets, without any compensating deficiency anywhere else, is very rare. Mr. Stewart's really rarest capacity perhaps consisted in the absence of any compensating deficiency to spoil such capacity as he had. A great many men have a keen grasp of one or two aspects of business which would ensure them wonderful success, but then with this capacity comes, unfortunately, some corresponding deficiency, some lightness of head when success is attained, some childish confidence in trivial indications of the future, some excess of trust in others, which breaks the back of success, or even ends in a great failure. Minds of large capacity are very apt to relieve themselves by some safety-valve of folly, and if the folly is important, it limits or destroys their success. Mr. Stewart himself seems to have had a private superstition, which might have had this result, if he had not had the good sense to know that it was not a thing to act upon except when he could control all the consequences. He had a notion that certain people were unlucky to deal with, and that if you opened a case of goods for an "unlucky" person, you were sure to lose by that case of goods in the end. Fortunately for him, he also knew that it was much better to open a case of goods for an unlucky person, even if he should lose by that case in the end, than to get any reputation for caprice. And thus his private folly did not undermine his capacity for success. But superstitions about luck, if acted upon, in place of sound principles, by a man of very large means, would be very certain to undo him before long. It is said that Mr. Stewart's superstition was so living, however, that he persuaded himself that an old applemoan, who sold apples and begged before his first store, was essential to his success, and that he carried her orange-box with his own hands and placed it before his second and larger store, rather than risk the chance of losing her. That was a perfectly safe outlet for his superstition, one which could not hurt

him. He was too wise to consult the applemoan about his trade-ventures, or his success would have been failure. What made him what he was, was the good sense needful to apprise him where his good sense failed. Great business faculty, then, depends on very ordinary qualities possessed in a very unusual degree, together with this most important negative condition that there shall be no other qualities warmed into life by success to blight the former. Mr. Stewart had this *great* ordinariness of mind, and had it in such a degree, that when the belief in luck—which is one of the most ordinary forms of superstition for successful men—took hold of him, he prescribed to it safe conditions, and did not allow it to affect the ordinary rules on which he acted. And there was the triumph of his business judgment—in knowing at once that his business judgment was the thing to trust to, and not the fungus growth of the days of his prosperity.

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From The New Quarterly Magazine.  
INCIDENTS OF AFRICAN TRAVEL.

THE wonderful stillness characteristic of early dawn in the tropics rested over everything. Not a sound reached my ear, save the distant and indistinct murmur of running water, as I stood watching the western sky, uncertain whether a new day had indeed broken, or whether the white ghostly light shed by the moon had deceived me. Twenty yards away could be seen the sharply-defined outline of one of those great tented wagons peculiar to southern Africa, surrounded by its sleeping oxen and native attendants, the dusky forms of several of whom could just be distinguished by the glowing embers of the smouldering camp-fire. Excepting my own wagon, from which I had just risen, and its surroundings, there was nothing to break the complete solitude of the scene. A sea of long grass, the points of which, wet with the heavy dew of these latitudes, shimmered and sparkled where the rays of the moon, now low down in the sky, fell upon them, covered a level plain which stretched away, seemingly without a break, into the far distance where earth and heaven, half-concealed by a veil of haze, seemed to blend together. It was one of those perfect morning scenes, the remembrance of which never quite fades from the recollection; utter solitude, perfect peace and stillness, the



stars of the southern hemisphere above, bright and beautiful beyond the conception of the inhabitants of colder climes, and the cool morning breeze playing pleasantly, welcome enough after the close thundery heat of a summer's night. I had not long to wait; soon the grey light of dawn became decided, and shouldering the rifle on which I had been leaning I proceeded through the long wet grass across the flat in the direction of the stream, the murmur of which had reached me where I had been standing. I have said the plain was seemingly unbroken; it was not really so, however, though even had it been full daylight, a stranger would have been unable to discover the fact. In truth, one of those deep gorges peculiar to countries subject to violent rains formed an impassable barrier a few hundred yards away from where we had camped for the night, though the abruptness of its sides rendered it invisible until one almost stood upon their edge. It was a part of Swaziland, however, over which I had already travelled, when, like at present, returning from shooting-expeditions into the interior, and I was aware that the masses of jungle with which age had clothed every fissure harboured many of the larger bush antelopes, as well as innumerable baboons and leopards; so, provisions being scarce, I had started thus early in the hope of securing one of the former for food. There was still so little light when I reached the spot that it was with difficulty I succeeded in hitting upon a track made by the game which I had noticed the preceding evening, and by which I had determined to descend, and I had not gone down it many yards before I found the darkness produced by the dense foliage so great as to render any further progress impossible, except at the risk of a broken neck, so, seating myself under a rock, I waited on the increasing daylight. Life was already stirring; faint rustles, and once a breaking twig, denoted the whereabouts of antelopes, or, it might be, of their enemy, the leopard, while the calls of birds sounded from every side; by-and-by the rustling became louder, and it was evident some animal was coming up the track by which I was going to descend, until at last it got so near that I could distinguish the rattle of sharp hoofs among the boulders and stones below me. Suddenly there was a dull sound as of some heavy body falling, followed by a confused noise of struggling, a half-choked bleat, which I thought I recognized as coming from the throat of an

unkumbi (*Cephalopus Natalensis*), and then silence again. I could see nothing from the position I was in, and did not care to alter it until I could see distinctly enough to fire if necessary, so I remained quiet for a few minutes more, and then began cautiously to descend again. But a few steps sufficed to explain the cause of the noise, for as I got round the corner of the rock, under the upper side of which I had been sitting, I came in sight of an immense boa-constrictor, some ten or twelve feet of whose huge body was in view, employed in licking the carcase of its victim, a young doe of the species I had expected, which lay, a shapeless mass, within a yard of the very path I was following. No doubt, had I blundered on through the darkness another five yards, I should at that moment have occupied its place, even though the great snake might, perhaps, have found it impossible to swallow me after killing me; however, the idea was enough, and without remembering at the moment how I should disturb the whole bush, I levelled the rifle at its broad head and fired. It was not until the smoke cleared and I could see its whole body, as it writhed and twisted in its last agonies (the bullet having fortunately severed the backbone an inch or so behind the neck) that I comprehended its enormous size and strength, and that the portion I had already seen was little more than half its full length. I had no means of accurately measuring it at the time, and after-events prevented my returning to it, but I have no hesitation in saying that eighteen feet would be decidedly under the mark. I have, indeed, no doubt it was at least twenty feet, while its girth was considerably more than that of a man's thigh. It was considerably the largest snake I ever saw, though I have more than once killed specimens of the same species varying from twelve to fifteen feet. They are, however, considering their numbers, but rarely seen, lying chiefly on the edges of thick cover, into which they betake themselves if disturbed while basking, as they are fond of doing, outside in the sun. Their food consists of almost anything they can catch, from a rat or a little bird to a small antelope, though no doubt they occasionally kill a large one, which, unless of unusual size themselves, they are unable to swallow, and I doubt their lives being such an alternate succession of feasts and fasts as has been imagined. No doubt when they do catch an antelope and eat it the after-process of digestion occupies a considerable



period, but such captures, except, perhaps, in the case of the blue buck, which is little larger than a hare, are, I fancy, rare, and I have never yet killed one, small or large, which had nothing in its stomach, though the contents have been on more than one occasion sufficiently miscellaneous. I had never before felt the slightest fear of a boa-constrictor, for, though they can bite severely, any which I had previously come across could, under most circumstances, have been dealt with without much difficulty by an active man with such a weapon as a clubbed gun, but the enormous size of this monster commanded respect even in death, and I could not but feel how utterly powerless a man would

be in its grasp, and how nearly I had escaped a fearful death. It has, indeed, often struck me as wonderful how seldom one hears of the actual and unaccounted-for disappearance of any of the numerous European hunters who are day by day and year by year encountering deadly risks alone, and under circumstances which would of necessity preclude their fate from ever being known. Fatal endings to encounters with wild animals are, unfortunately, by no means rare, but I cannot call to mind a single instance in which the mode of death has not been ascertained, and scarcely one in which the body of the unfortunate man has not been recovered. HON. W. H. DRUMMOND.

In the obituary notice of the Imperial Geographical Society of St. Petersburg for the past year, a prominent place is accorded to Constantine Vladimirovitch Chefkin, who died at Nice last November. He rose to be minister of public works during the early years of the reign of the present emperor. But although most of his time was devoted to the affairs of State, Chefkin found leisure for scientific and literary pursuits. He was on the council of the Geographical Society from its foundation in 1846 to 1856, and subsequently became an honorary fellow. He contributed to its transactions an important paper on the mineral resources of Russia. Another important name is that of Timkoffski, the pioneer of Russian travellers in China, whose travels in Mongolia (1820-21) edited by Klaproth, were translated into English. He died at the ripe age of eighty-five, having been a member of the society since 1846. He has left behind him a name which Russians may justly be proud of, for his persevering energy and love of adventure were combined in a remarkable degree with high moral excellence. But death has been most active amongst the members of the affiliated society of the Caucasus, no less than three of its most distinguished fellows having passed away in the course of the year. The first of these, General Alexander Petrovitch Kartseff, professor of military tactics and chief of the staff of the army of the Caucasus, died at Karkoff at the age of fifty-nine. He was president of the section from 1861 to 1869, and took an active part in promoting its scientific undertakings. Among these were the 40-verst map of the Caucasus, a collection of statistics, works on geology, etc. With his name is associated

that of Dimitry Elaitch Kovalensky, who acted as secretary and editor of the section's proceedings from 1861 to the year of his death. The reports and articles which emanated from his gifted pen embraced all branches of science. Lastly, the loss is recorded of Baron Uslar, a celebrated philologist. Among his earlier works was "Four Months in the Kirghiz Steppe," containing the result of his ethnological studies in that region. In 1850 he was transferred to the Caucasus and soon devoted himself with assiduity to the study of that interesting country. In 1858 he was commissioned by the emperor to write a history of the Caucasus; but the obscurity and incompleteness of existing information compelled him in his forty-fifth year to devote himself to the study of its languages, in order to discover and elucidate many important problems connected with its inhabitants. One result of his labours was the compilation of a grammar of the language of Abhasia, and this gained the Demidoff medal at the Academy of Sciences in 1862. After mastering the languages of the western Caucasus, Uslar turned his attention to those of Chechenia and Daghestan in the east, of which he also compiled grammars. These philological studies were not merely elementary, but also comprised the etymology, phonetics, and syntax of the separate languages. Thus he sought to lay a secure foundation for his great historical work; but this, alas, it was never his fortune to accomplish, and while deploring his untimely loss, Russia may point with pride to the great services rendered by one of the noblest of her sons in the advancement of science in this remote part of her dominions. Academy.